

GOLD
KEY

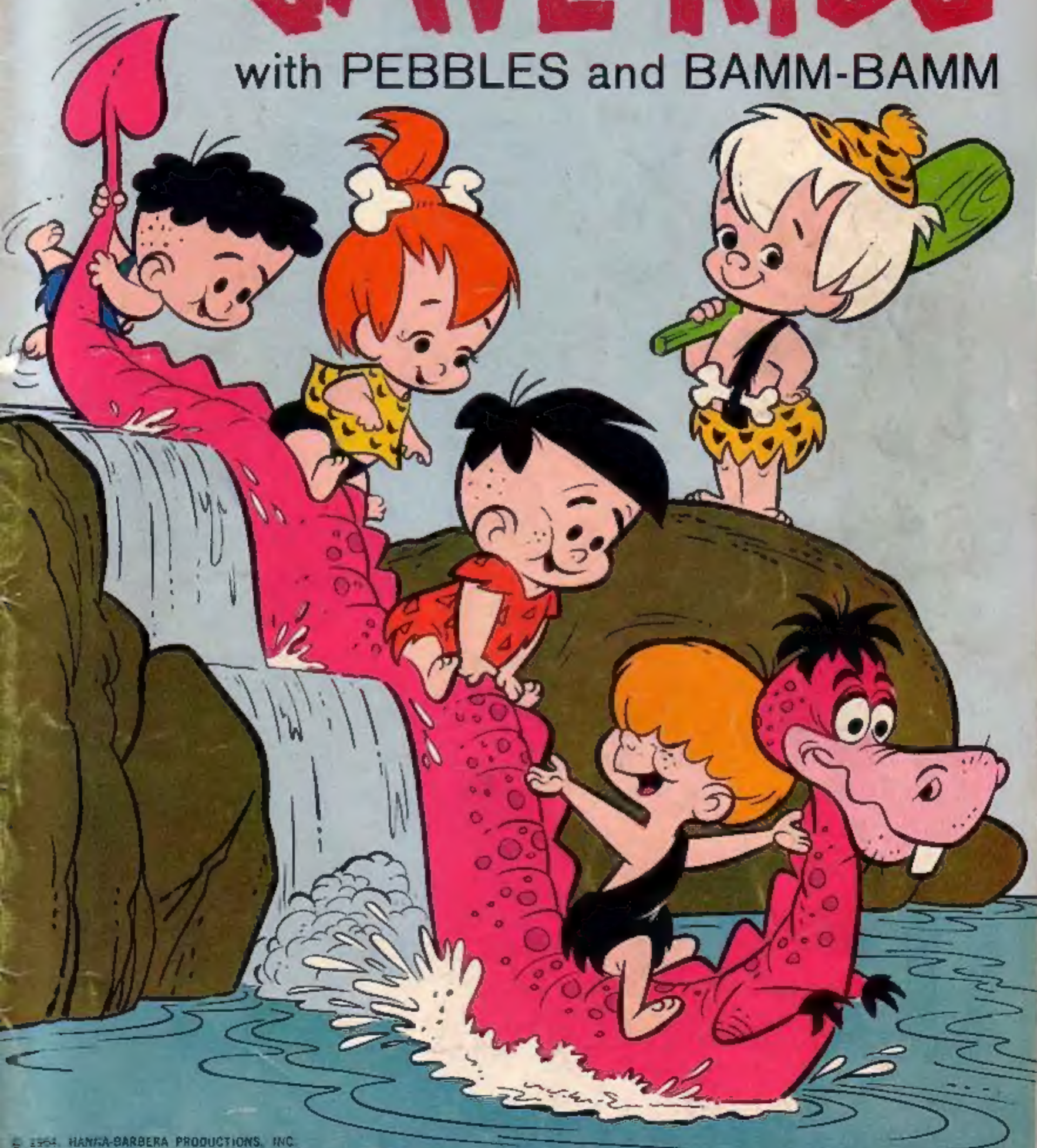
CAVE KIDS GE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



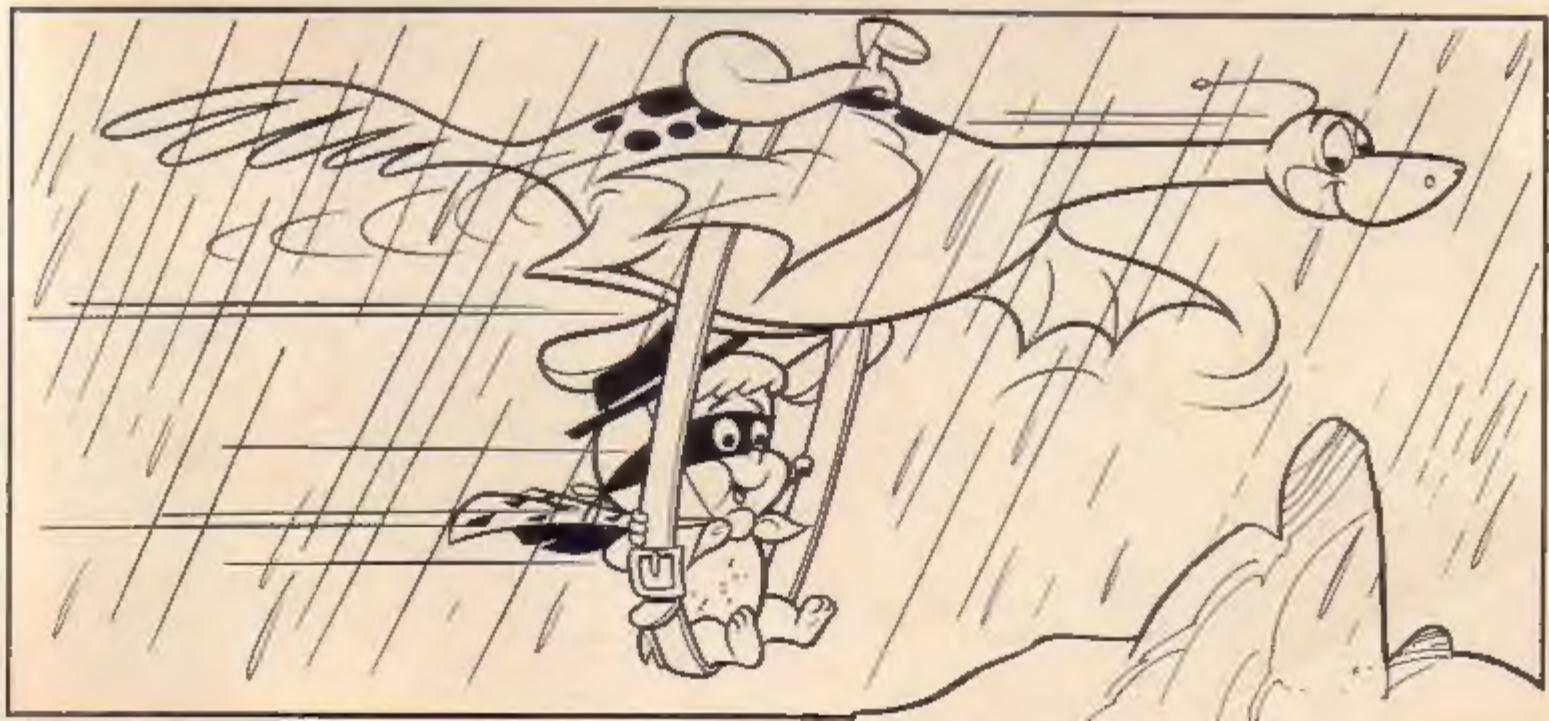
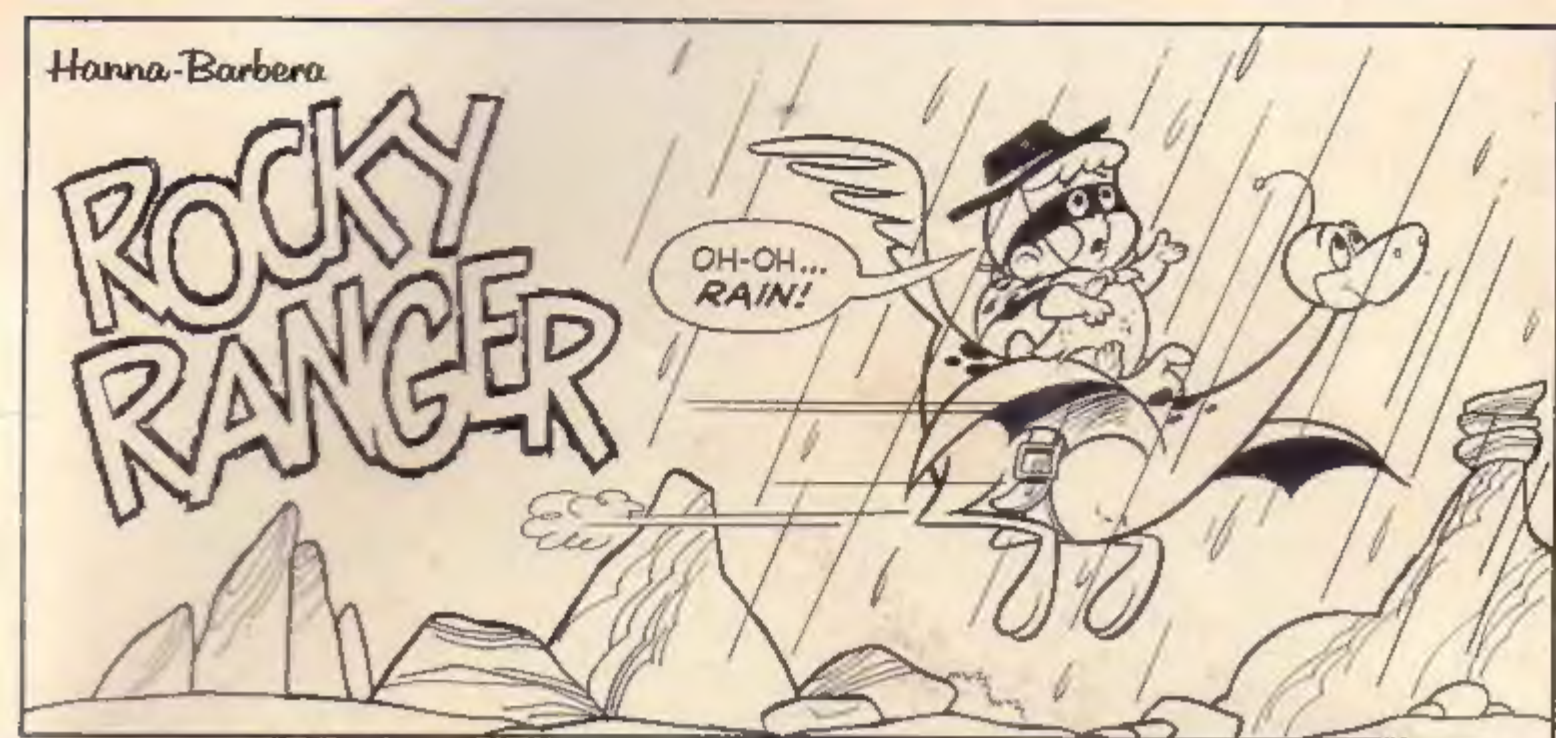
Hanna-Barbera

ROCKY RANGER

OH-OH...
RAIN!

WHOA, BOY!

FORTUNATELY
THERE'S PLENTY
OF EXTRA STRAP
HERE!



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

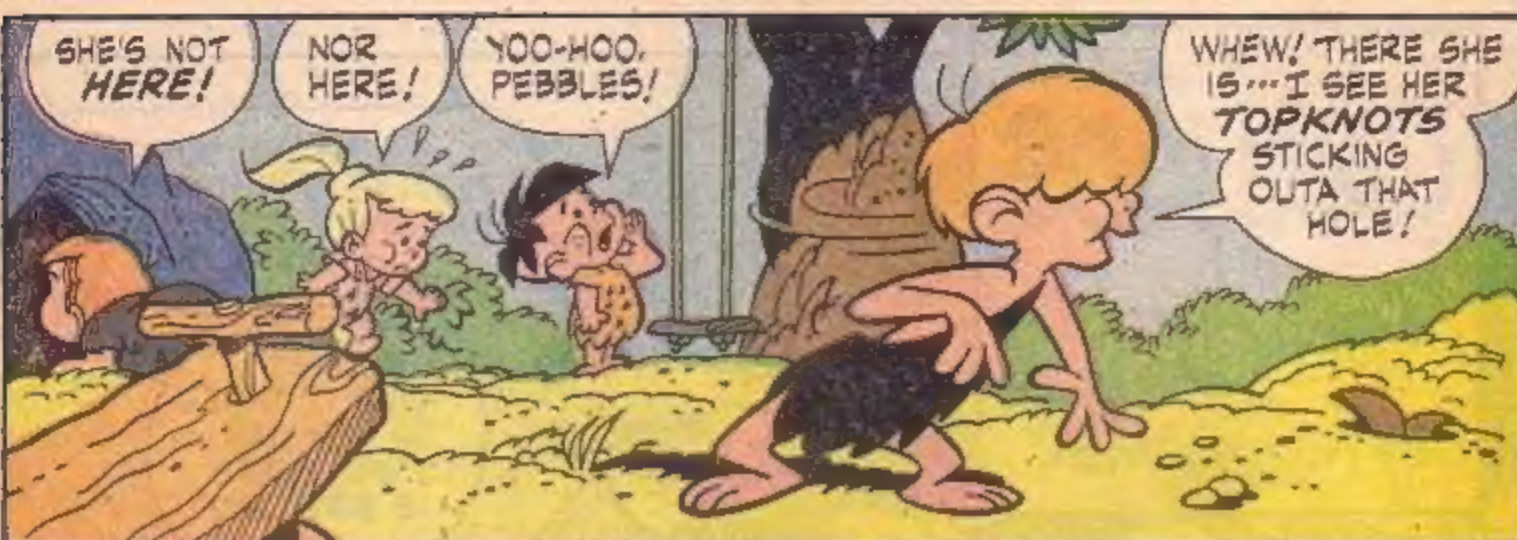
A SLIDE SITUATION



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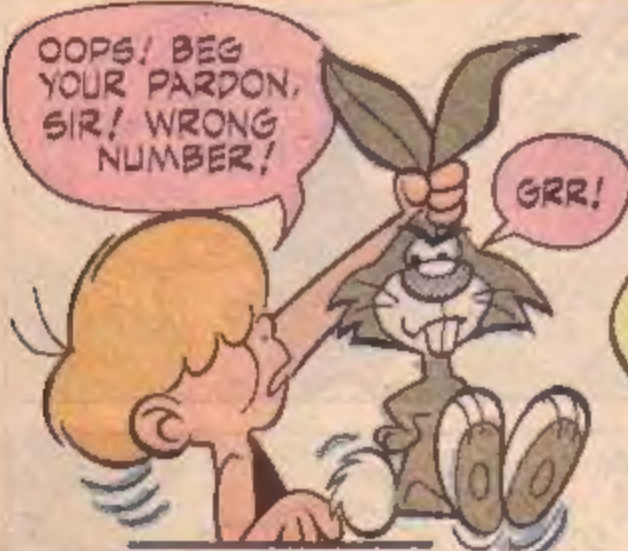


SHE'S NOT
HERE!

NOR
HERE!

YOO-HOO,
PEBBLES!

WHEW! THERE SHE
IS... I SEE HER
TOPKNOTS
STICKING
OUTA THAT
HOLE!



OOPS! BEG
YOUR PARDON,
SIR! WRONG
NUMBER!

GRR!



WHERE IN THE
WHOLE WIDE
WORLD COULD
SHE BE?

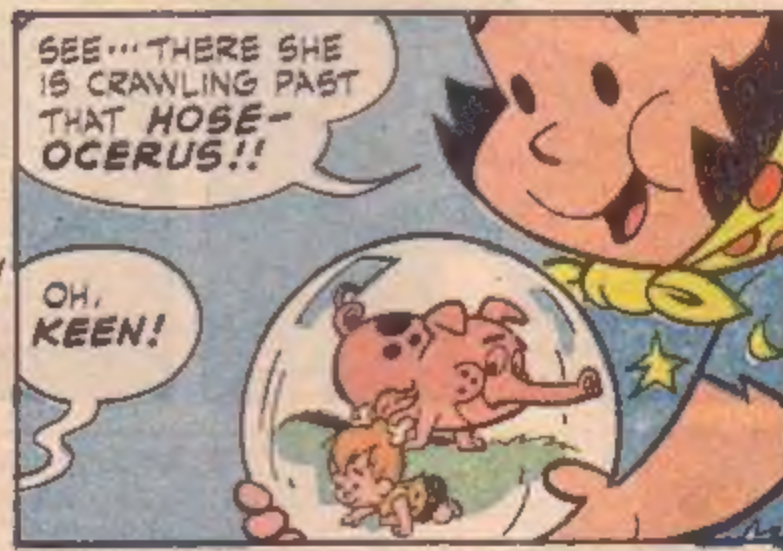
THAT'S A BIG
QUESTION!

SILLY!
WHY
DOESN'T
ANYBODY
ASK
ME?



GYPSY CRYSTAL!
OF COURSE... YOUR
CRYSTAL BALL
CAN TELL
US!

YES, IT'S
100% ON-
THE-BALL!



SEE... THERE SHE
IS CRAWLING PAST
THAT **HOSE-**
OCERUS!!

OH,
KEEN!



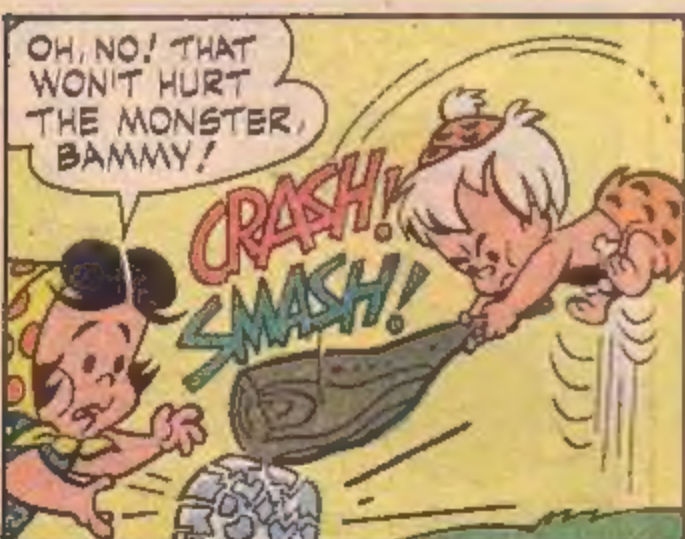
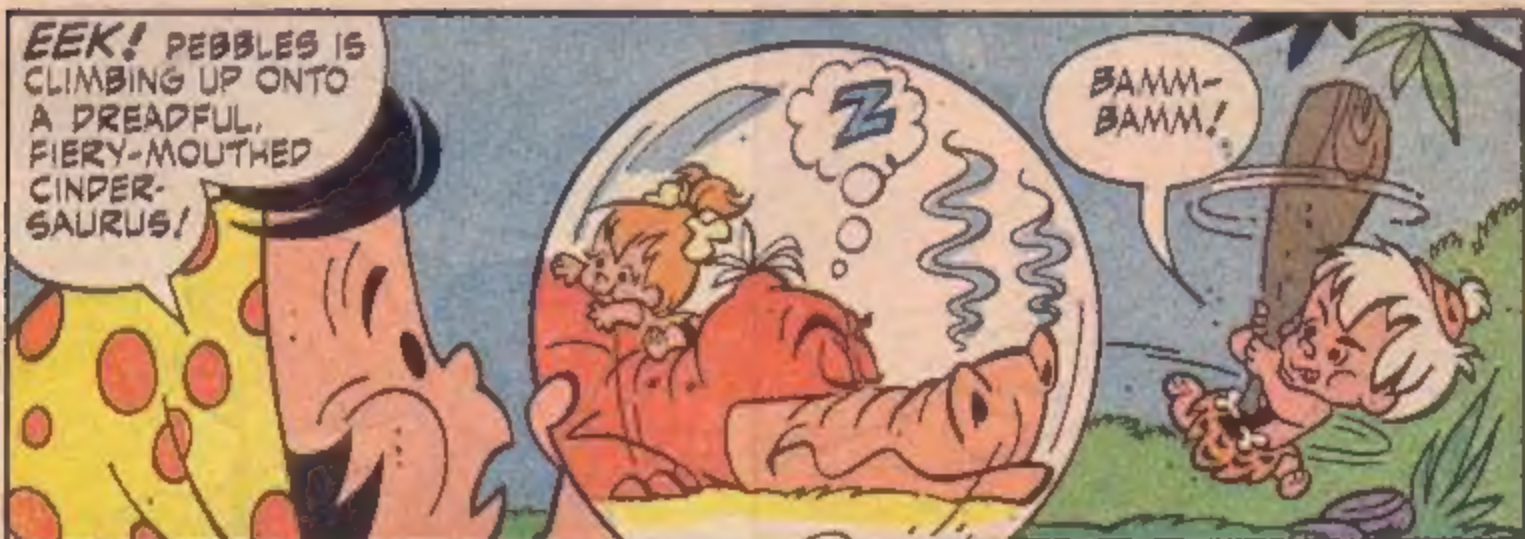
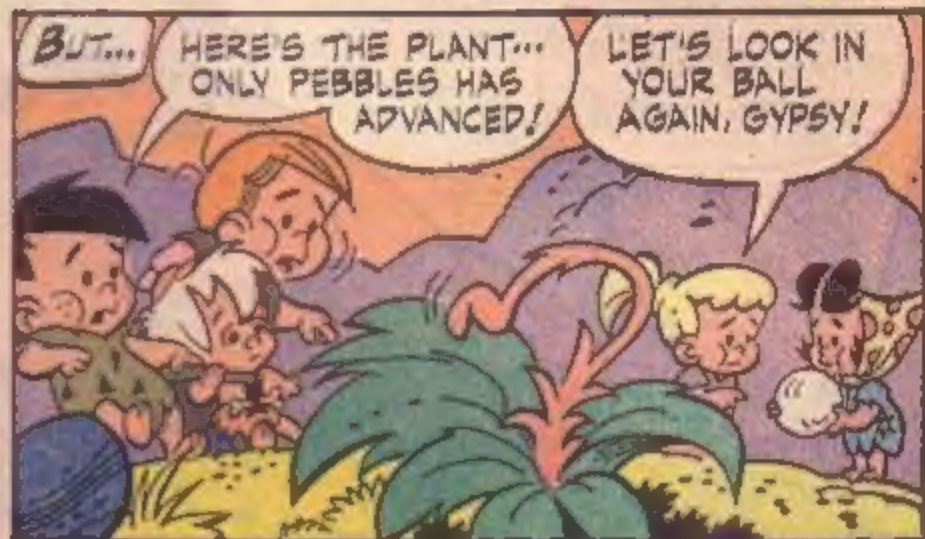
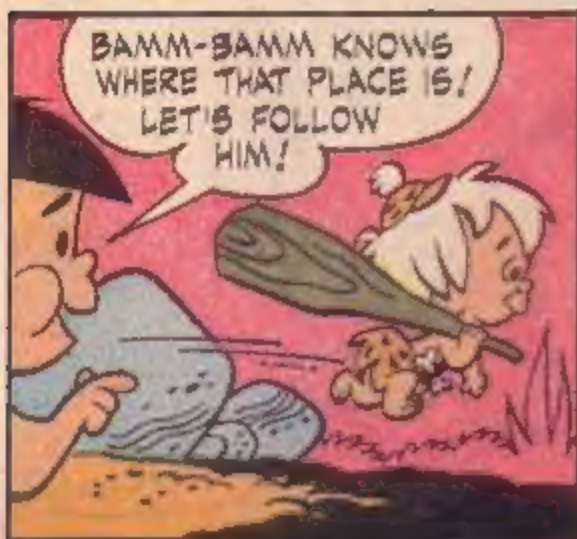
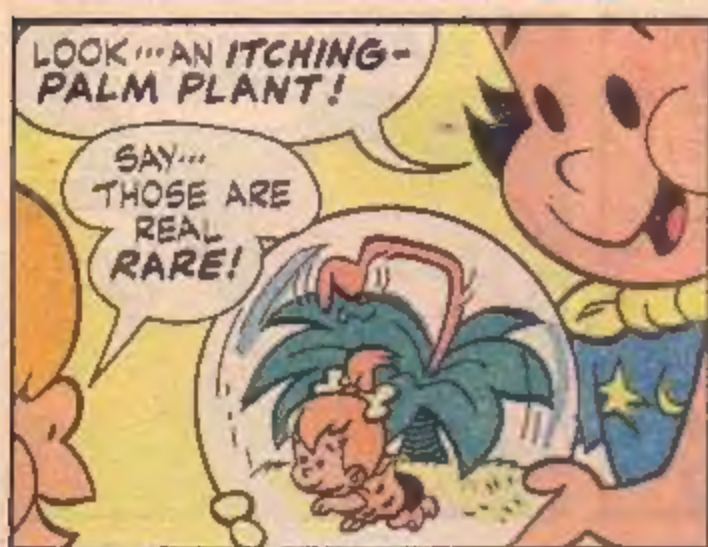
SQUIRT!

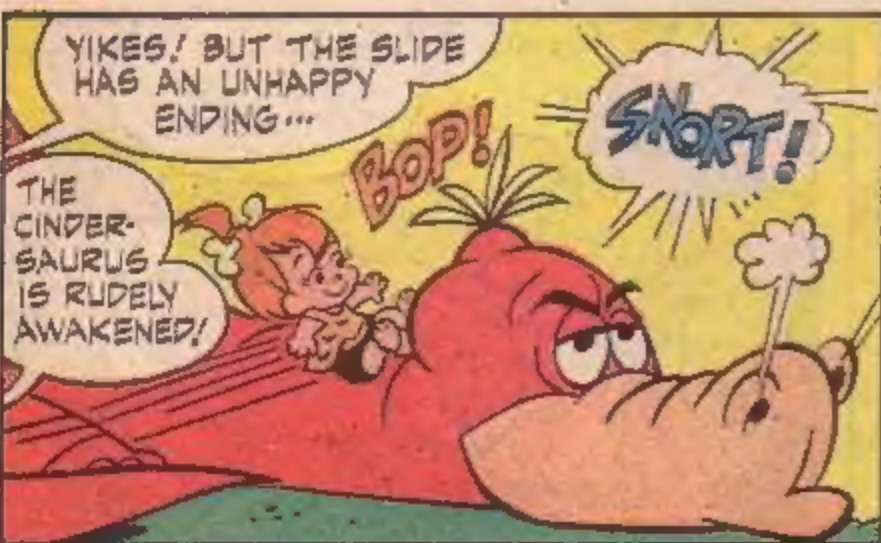
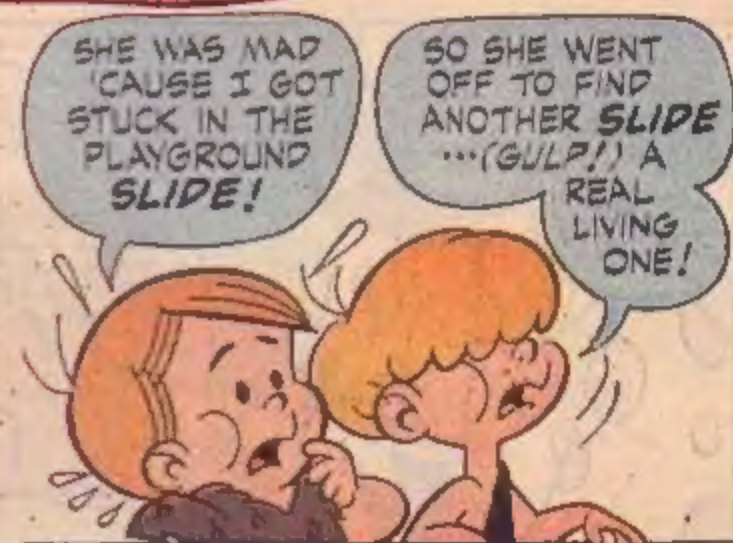
**WHICH HOSE-OCERUS? THOSE
CRITTERS ARE EVERYWHERE,
SQUIRTING DOWN FIREFLIES!**

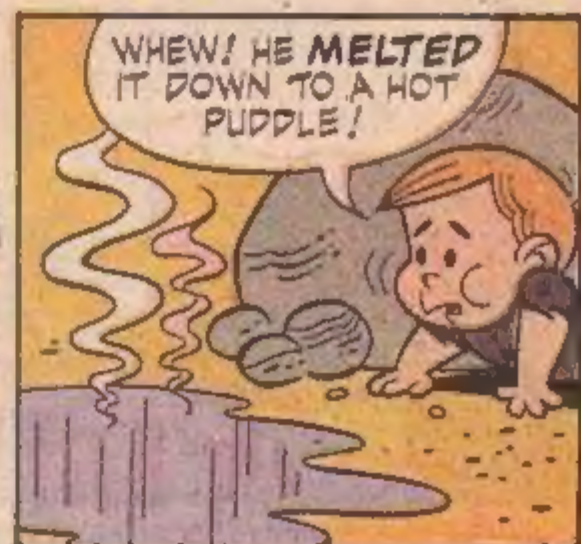
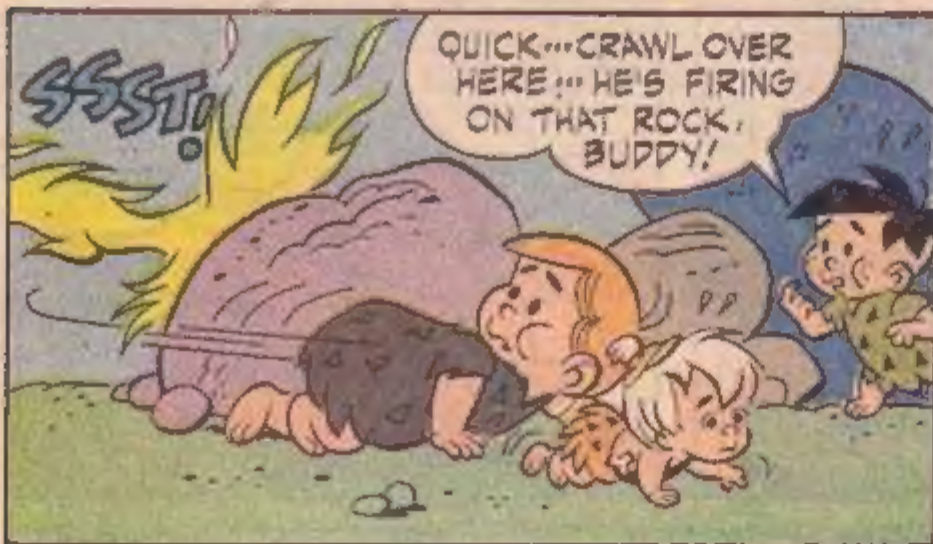
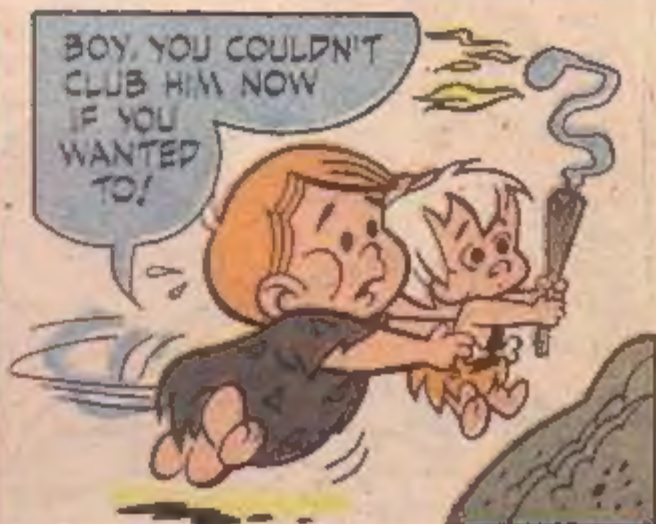
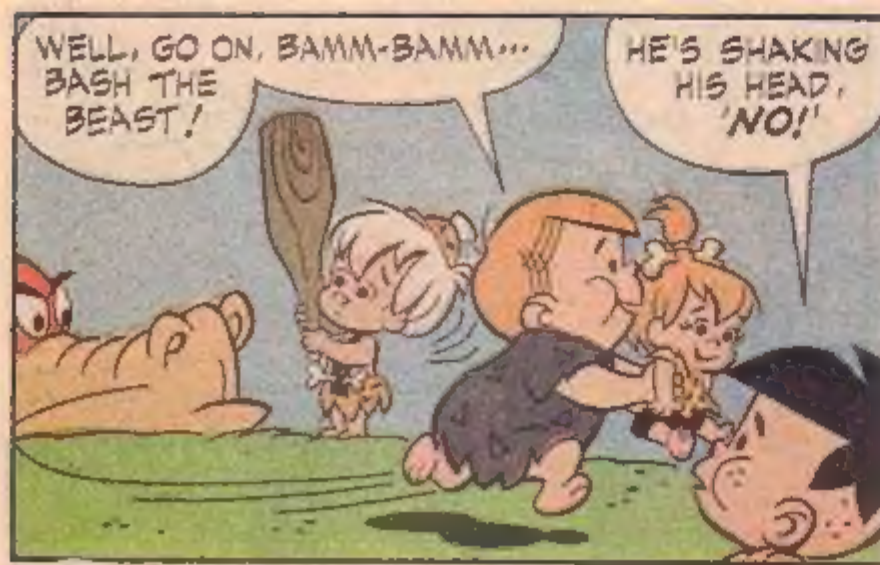
YEAH!

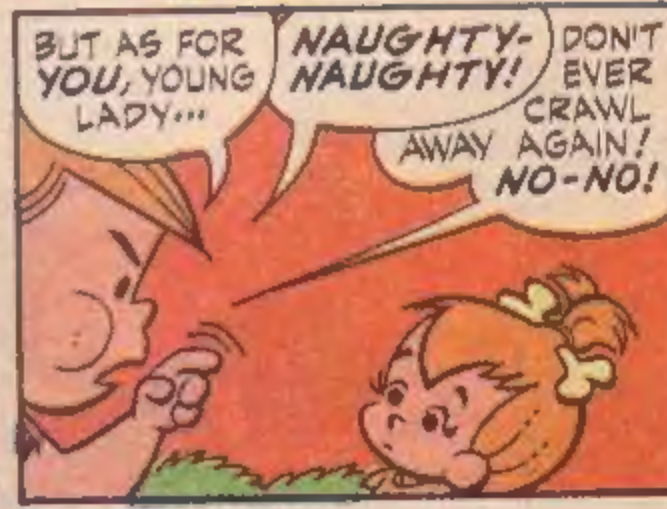
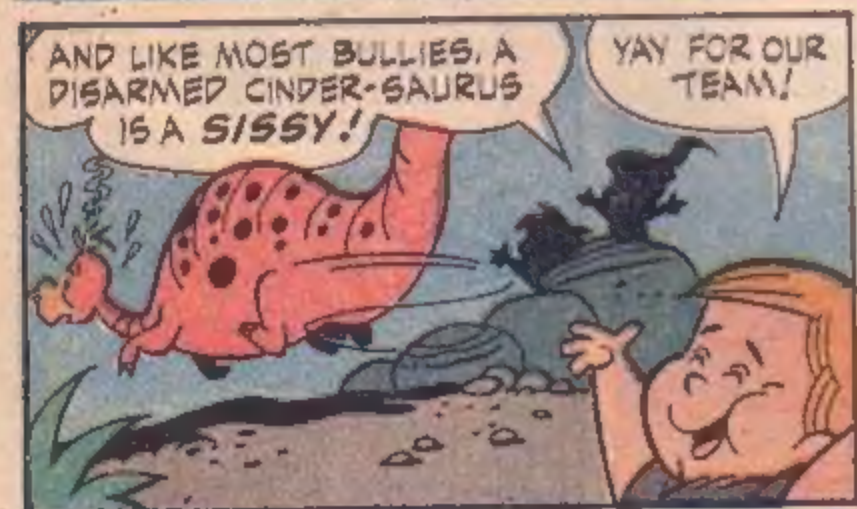
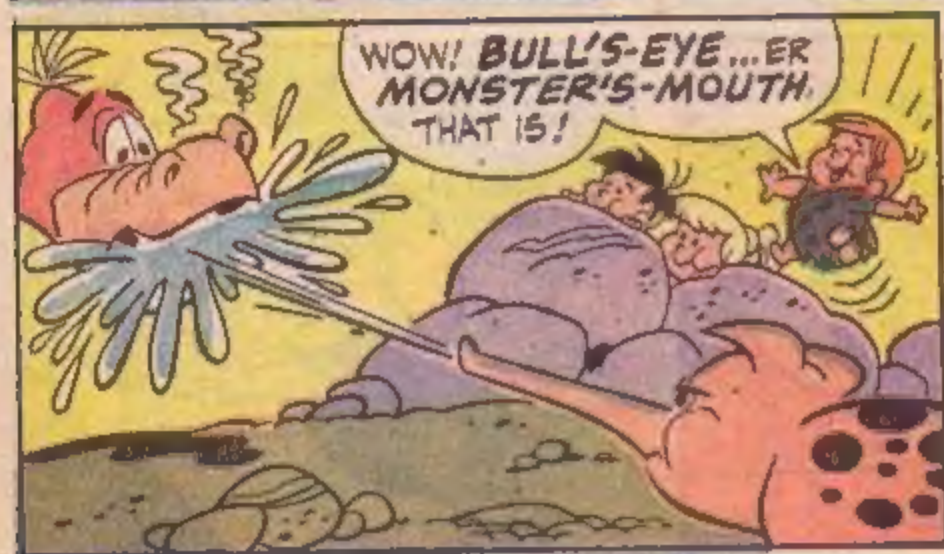
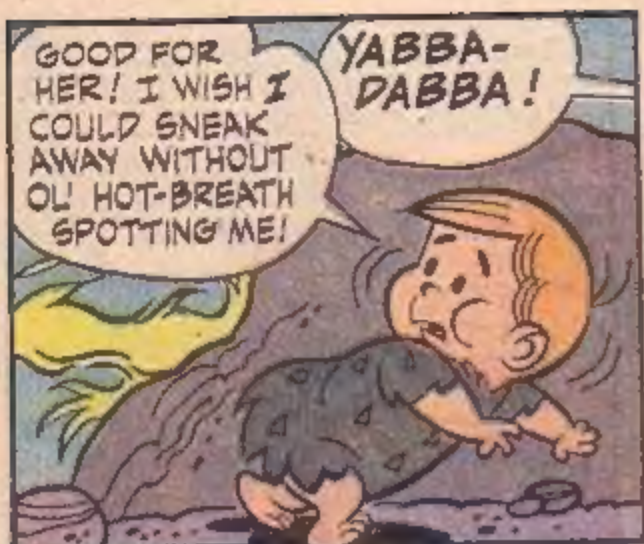


JUST A SEC... SHE'S
COMING TO SOMETHING
ELSE NOW...









Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

WEAPON WAGGERS

SCAT, YOU BIG BAD CAT!

BEAT IT,
BOTHERSOME!

SHOO!

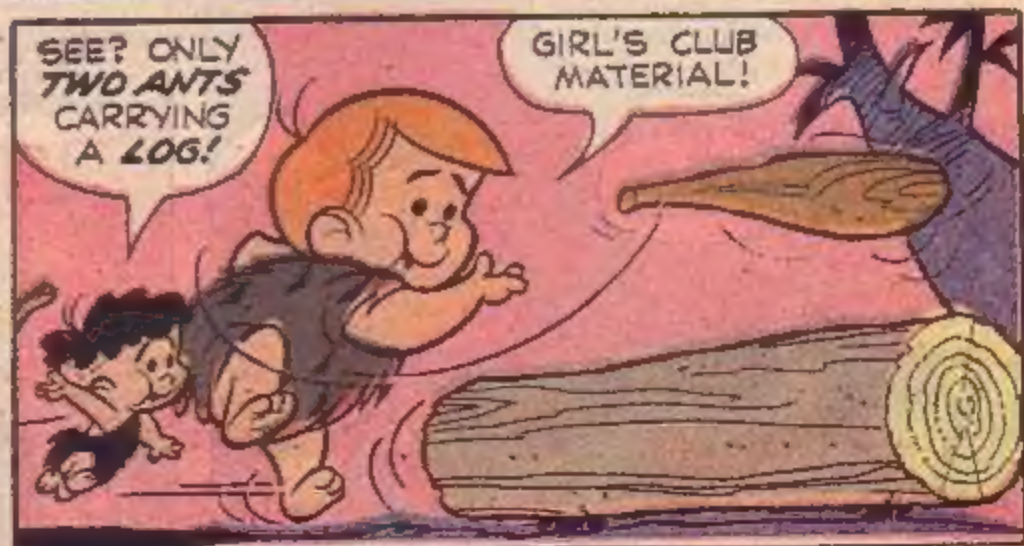
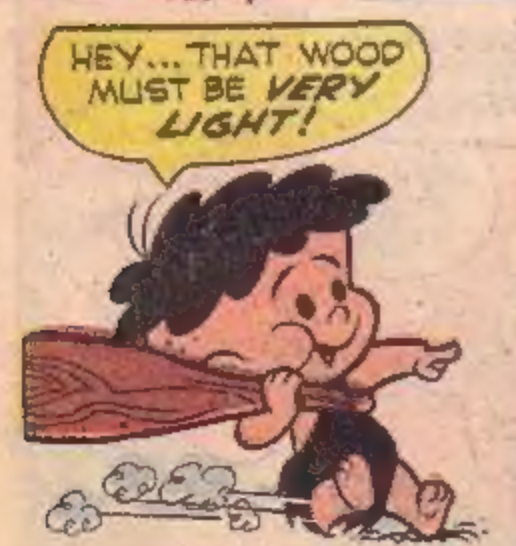
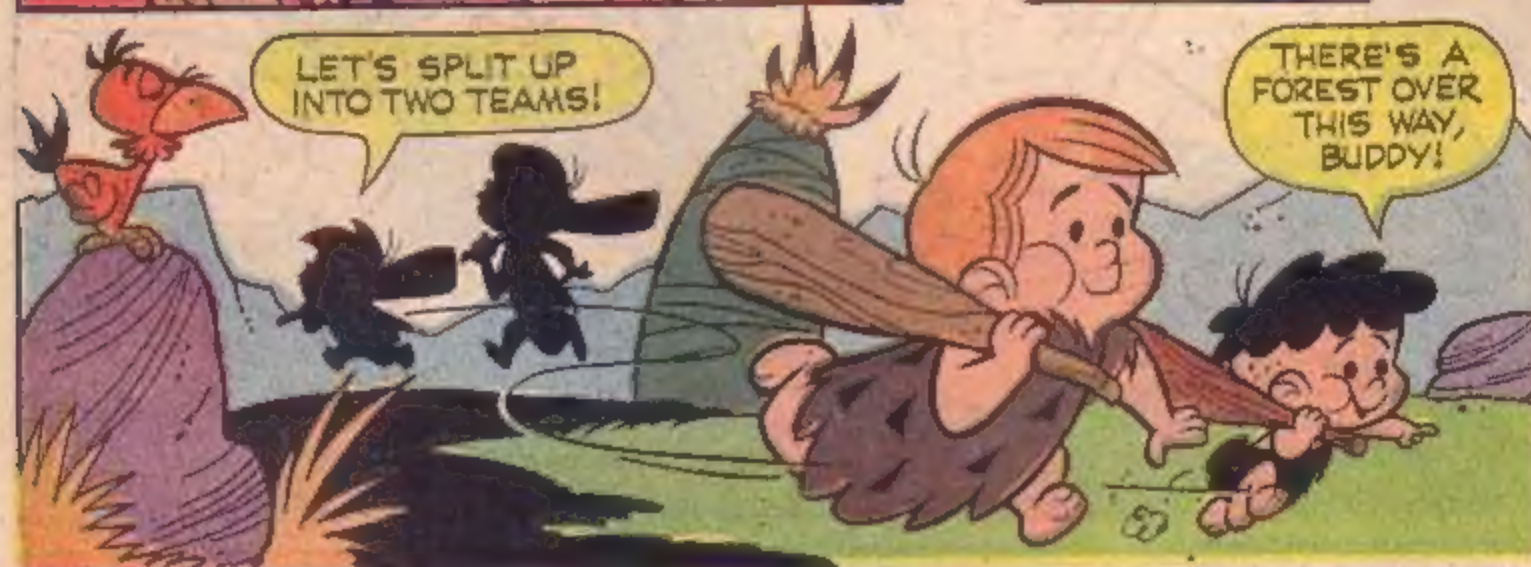
WHEW! THIS
SORT OF LIFE
IS WEARIN' ME
DOWN!

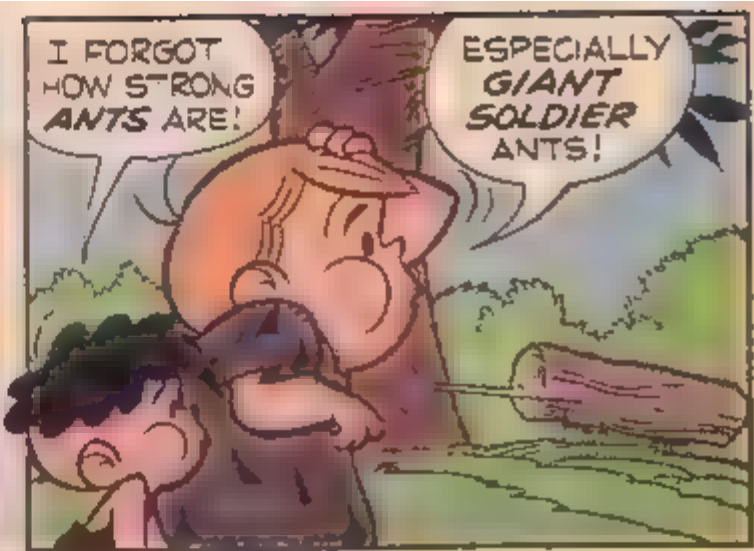
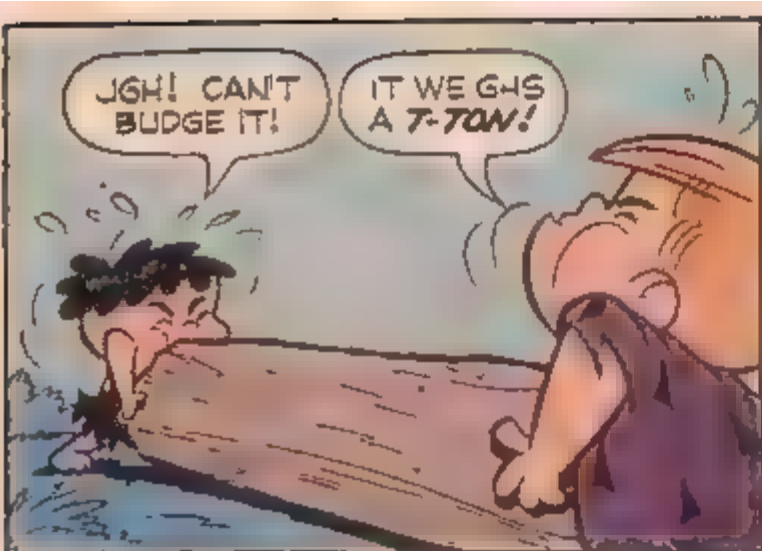
YOU GIRLS ARE FOREVER
NEEDING A *HELPING*
HAND...

...ON A
CLUB!

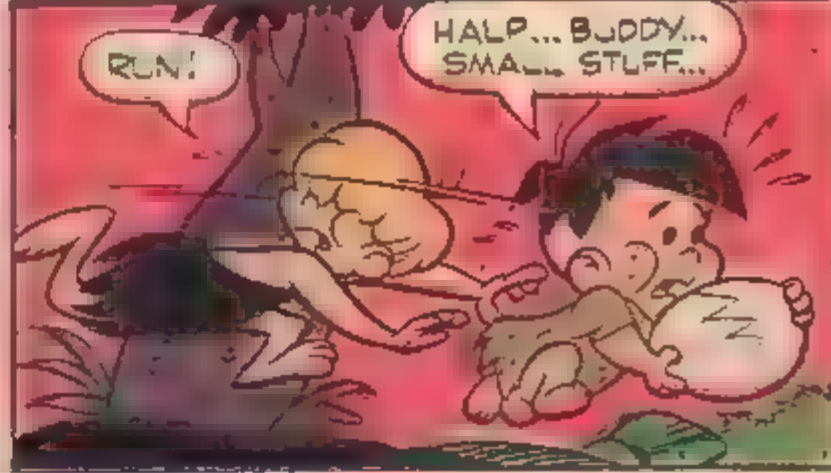
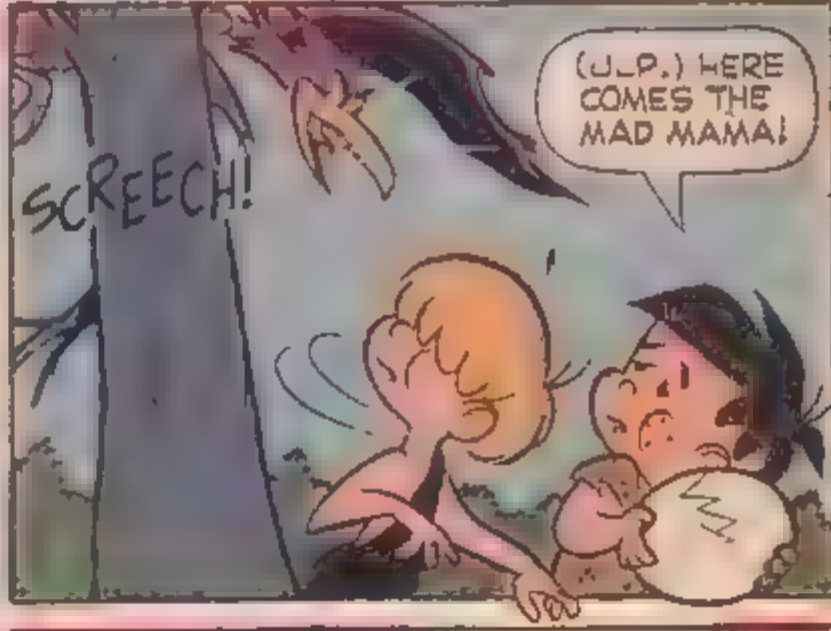
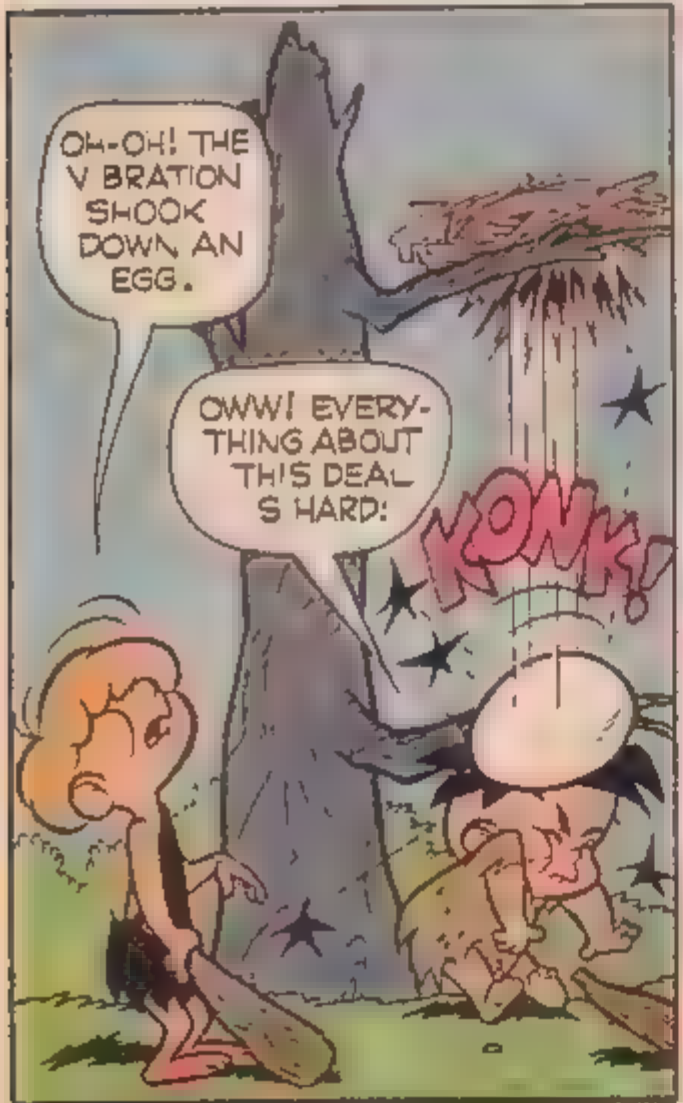
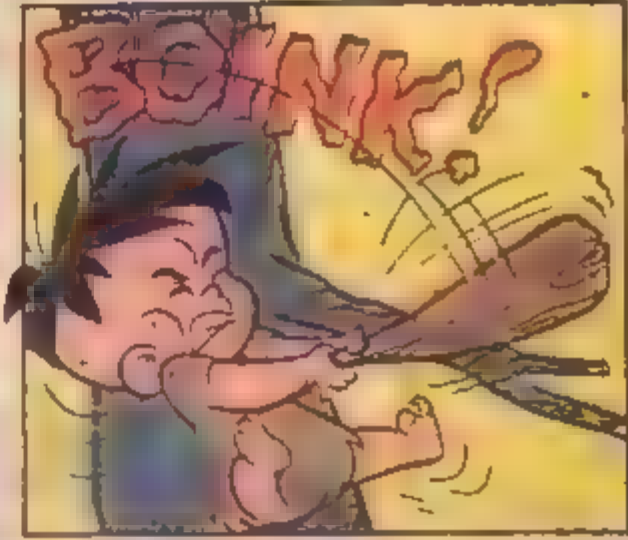
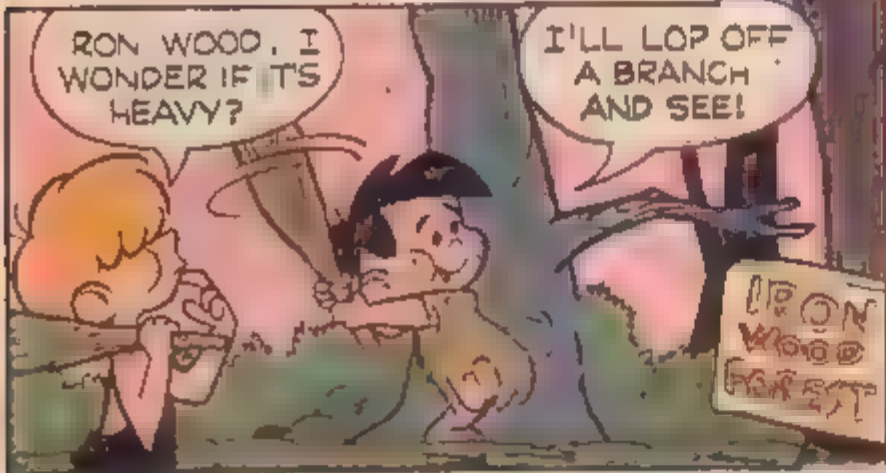
WHY DON'T YOU
CARRY *YOUR OWN*
CLUBS AND PROTECT
YOURSELVES?!

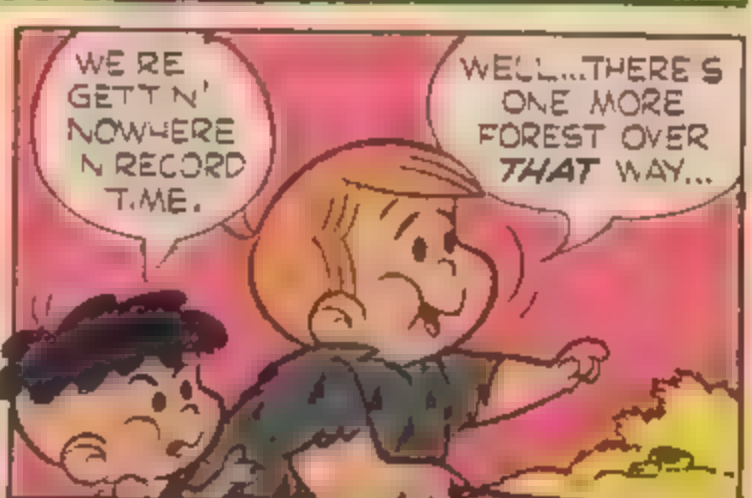
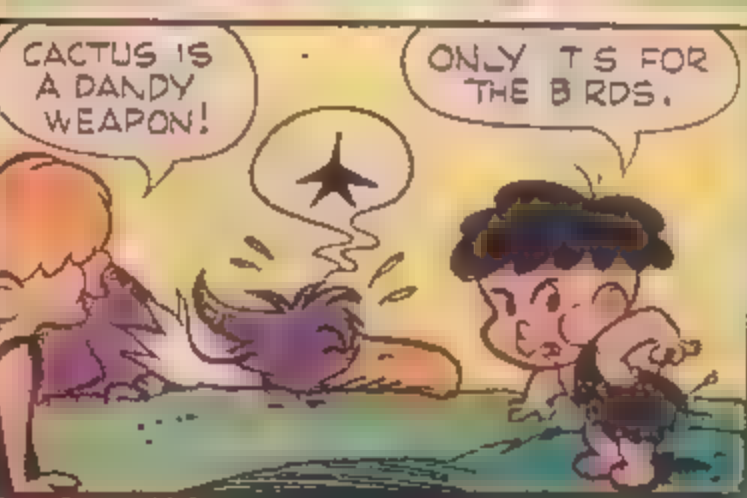
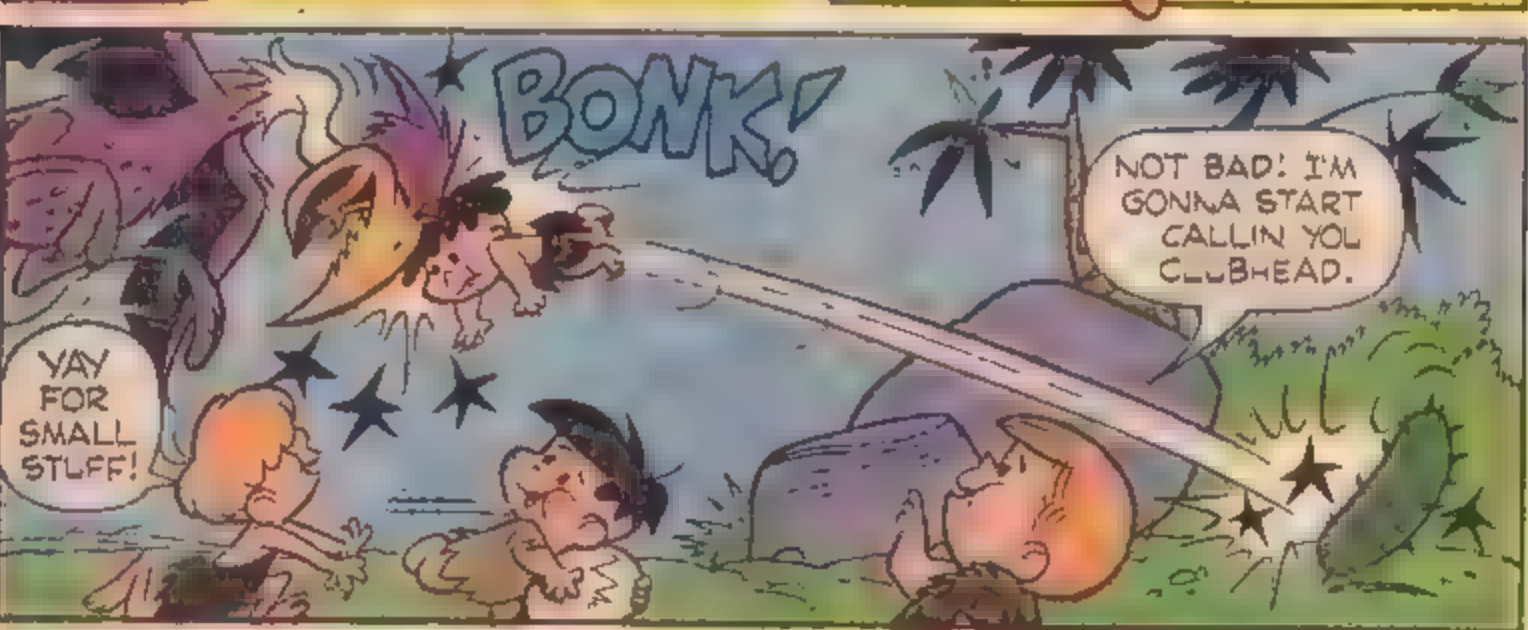
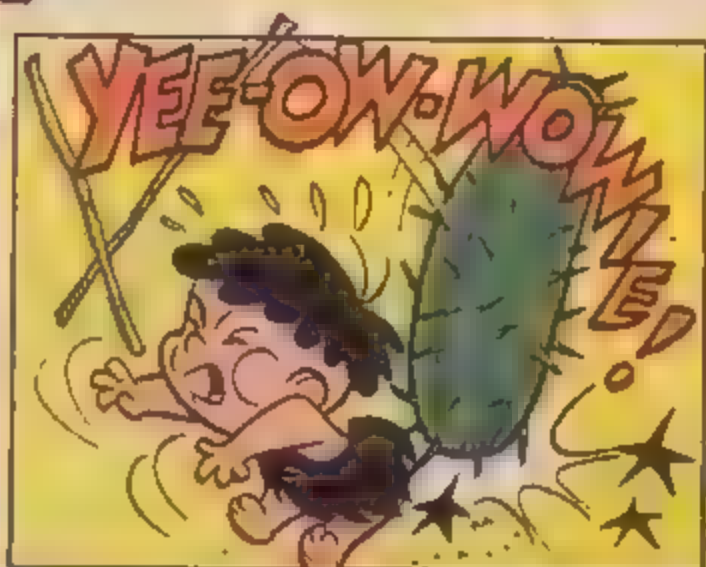
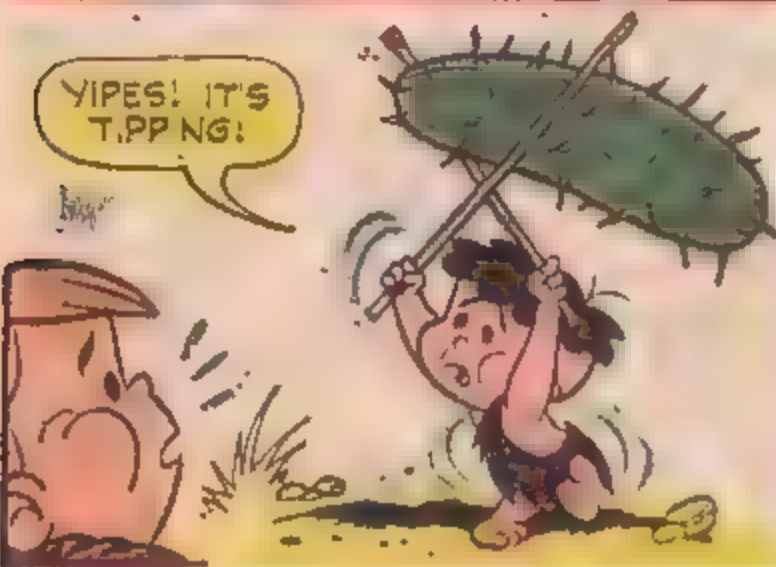
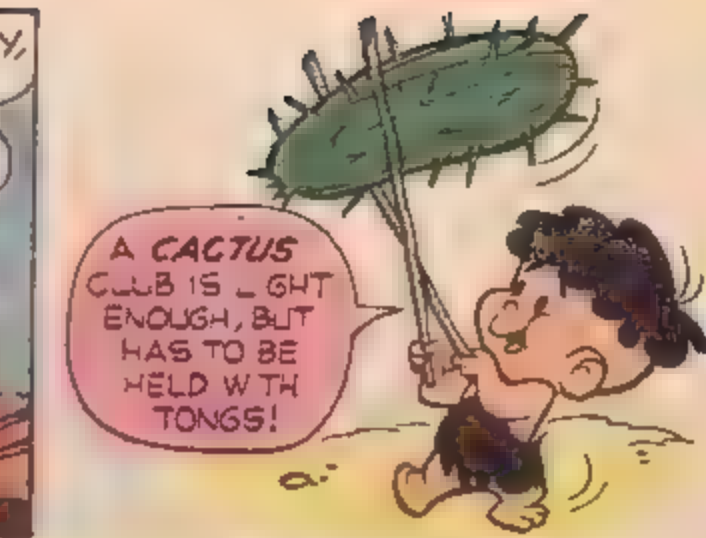
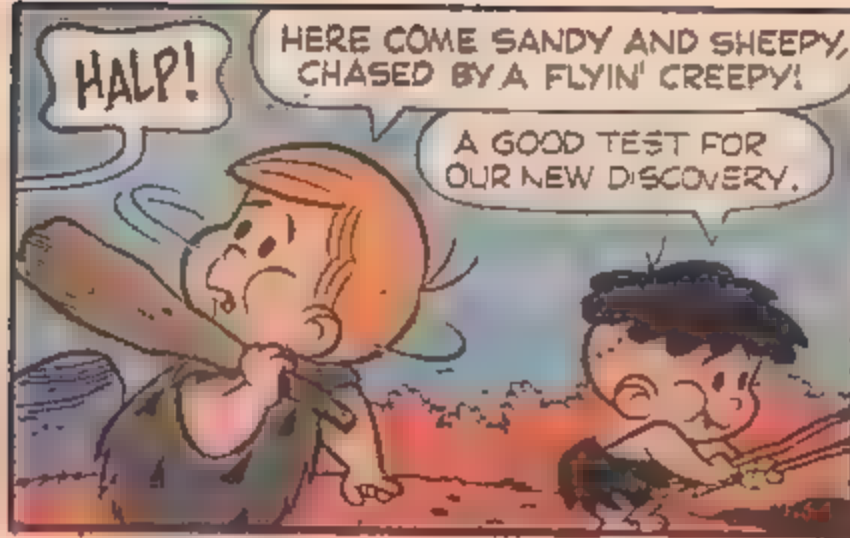
DON'T BE
STUPID,
STUPID...





AND A MERE MASTODON-HOP AWAY...





YIPPI-YAY-HEY! LOOK!
IF *ONE* ANT CAN CARRY
THAT BG LOG IT MUST
BE *LIGHT WOOD!*

(GROAN!) I'M SURE YOU'LL
FIND IT TO BE AS HEAVY AS
A HIPPOSNORTAPUSS!

LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN LIFT
IT, SANDY...

READY...

HEAVE!

WOW!

IT... IT WAS
LIGHTER
THAN A
FEATHER.

YAHOO!
I CAN
CATCH IT
WITH ONE
WEBBIE
FINGER!

SUPER BALSA
WOOD, EH?

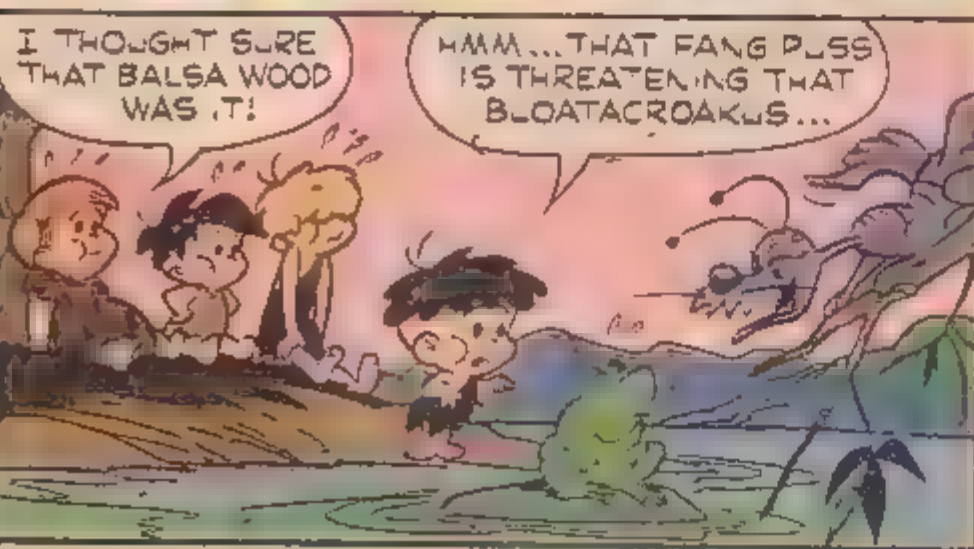
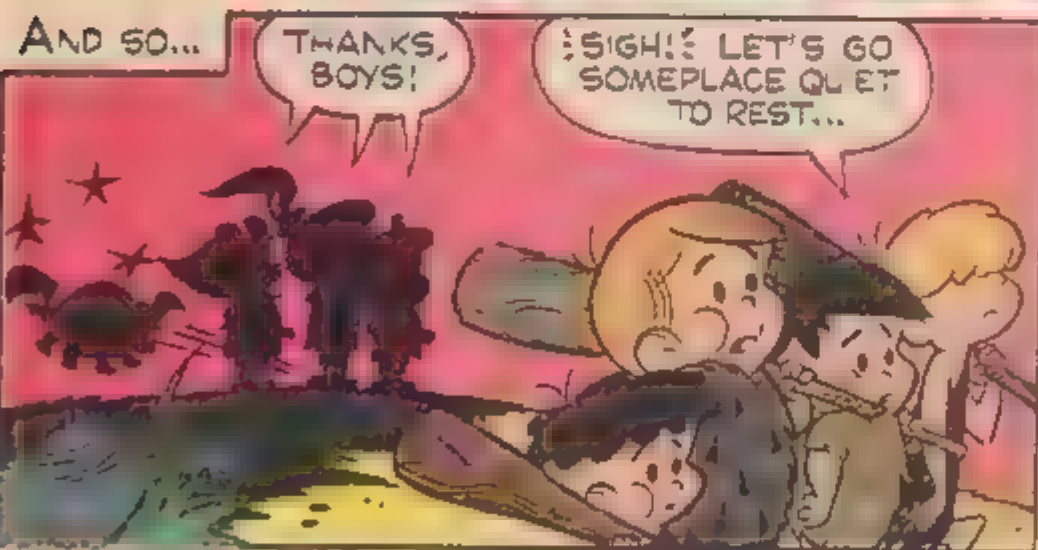
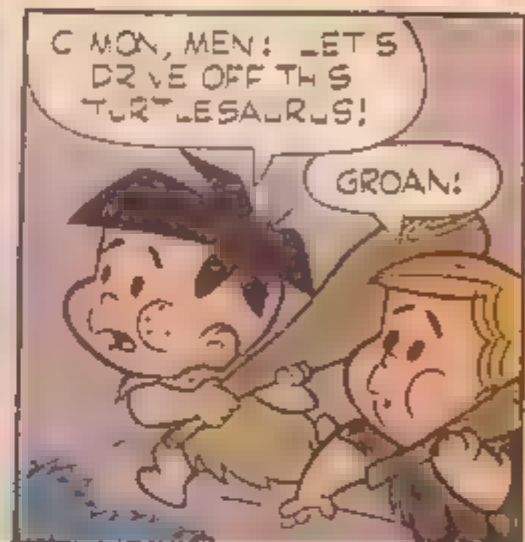
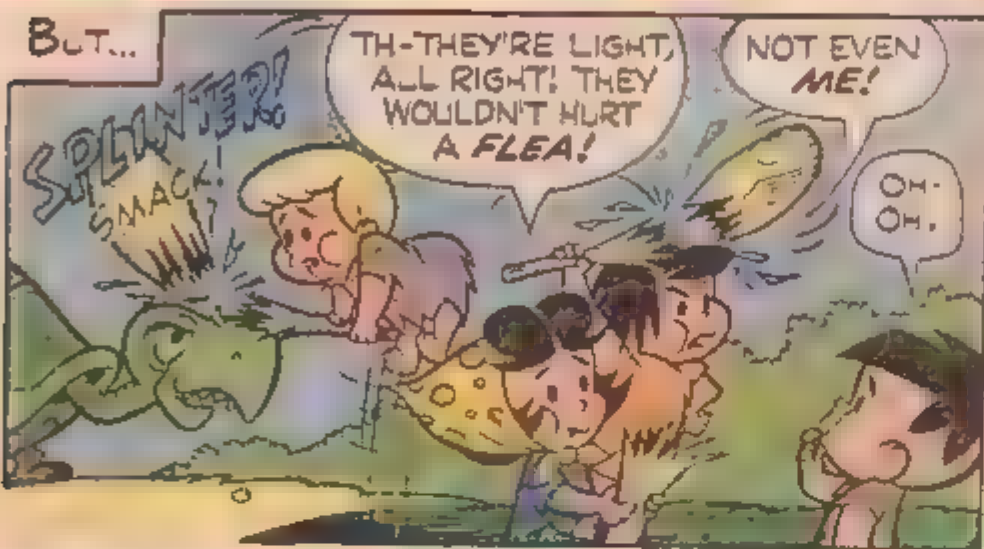
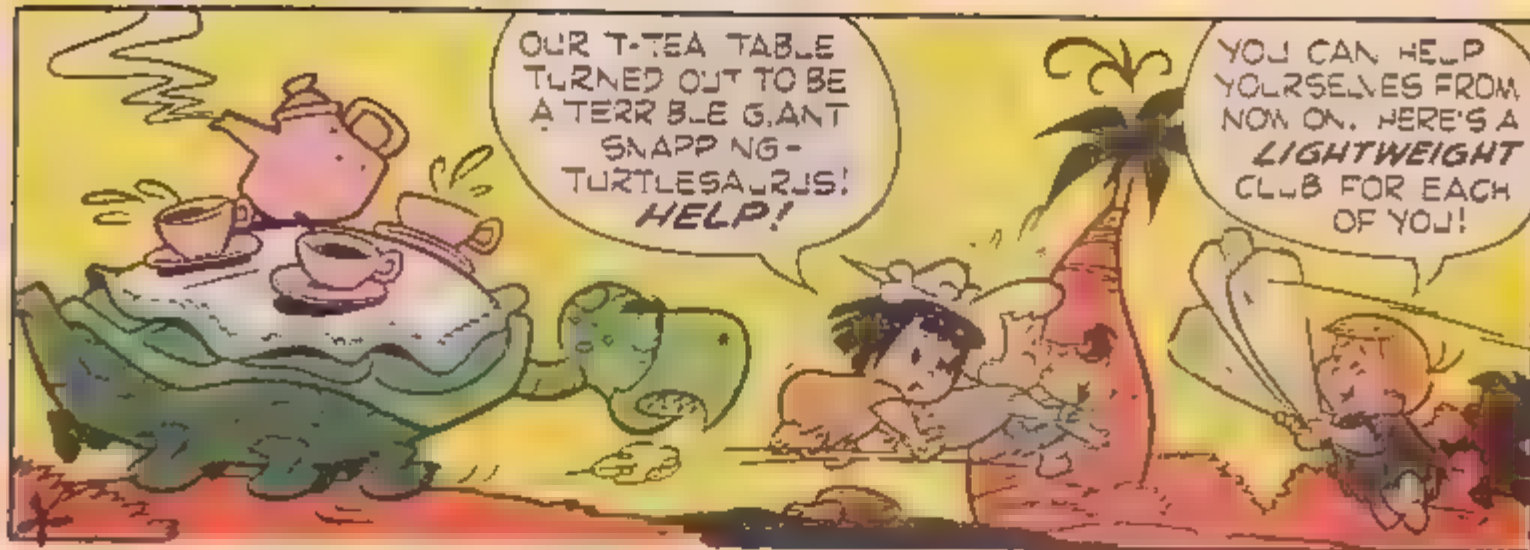
LET'S CARVE OUT
SOME CLUBS FOR
THE GIRLS.

SUPER
BALSA
WOODS

AND A WHITTLE
WHILE LATER...

EK? HALP?

JUST IN
TIME, THE
GIRLS ARE
IN DISTRESS
AGAIN.



HEY! THAT'S THE PRINCIPLE
WE NEED TO USE, TOO!

HUH? THE GRLS
CAN'T EXPAND
THEMSELVES!

CROAK!

FLAP!
FLAP!

...UNLESS THEY EAT AN
AWFUL LOT OF SWEETS.

NO, NO...
C'MON...

BACK UP TO THE BALSA
FOREST. AND LET'S CARVE
OUT SOME NEW CLUBS
FOR THE GALS.

AND SO...

SEE? IT DOESN'T
MATTER HOW
EASILY BROKEN
AND HARMLESS
THE CLUBS ARE...

THE
SIZE
OF 'EM IS
ENOUGH
TO
SCARE
ALL THE
BEASTS
AWAY!

"WALK SOFTLY
AND CARRY
COLOSSAL CLUBS,"
IS OUR MOTTO.

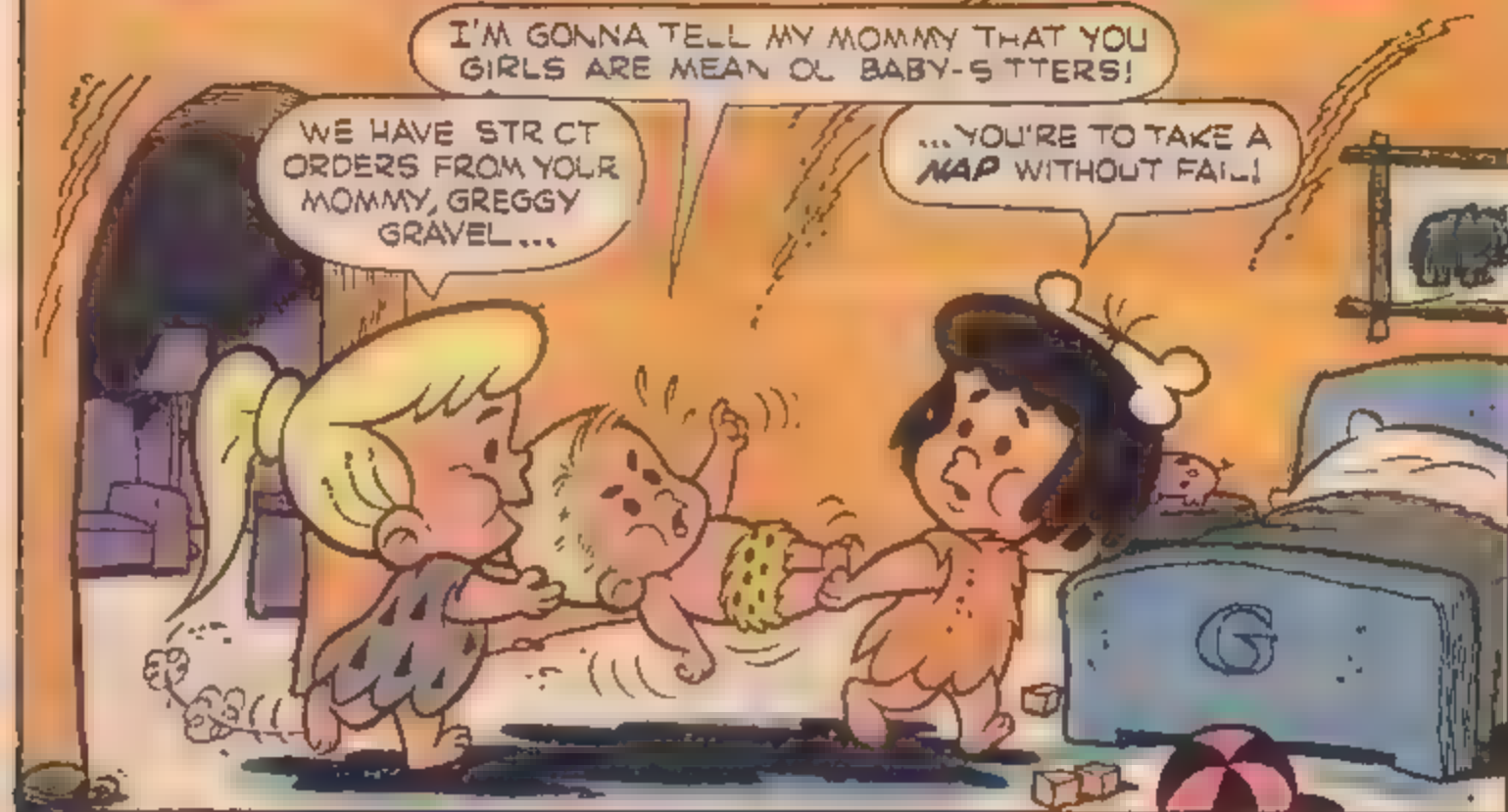
CAVE KIDS

SILENCE SEEKERS

I'M GONNA TELL MY MOMMY THAT YOU GIRLS ARE MEAN OL BABY-SITTERS!

WE HAVE STR CT
ORDERS FROM YOUR
MOMMY, GREGGY
GRAVEL...

...YOU'RE TO TAKE A
NAP WITHOUT FAIL!



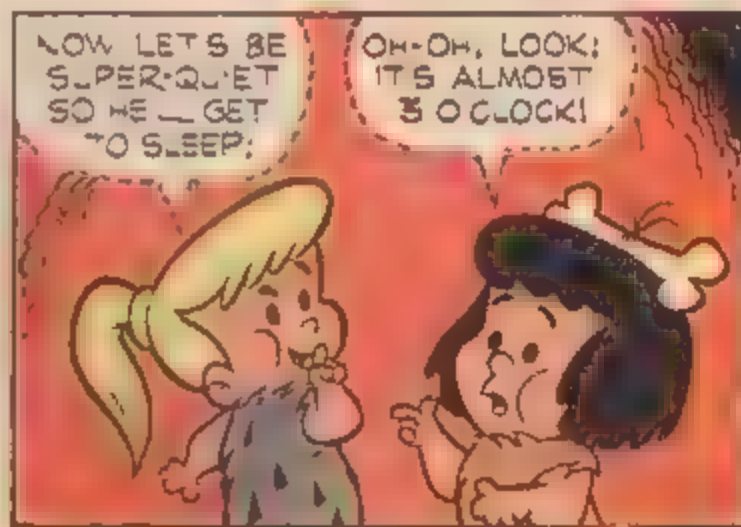
LIE DOWN... BE QUIET...
AND SWEET DREAMS!

AW...

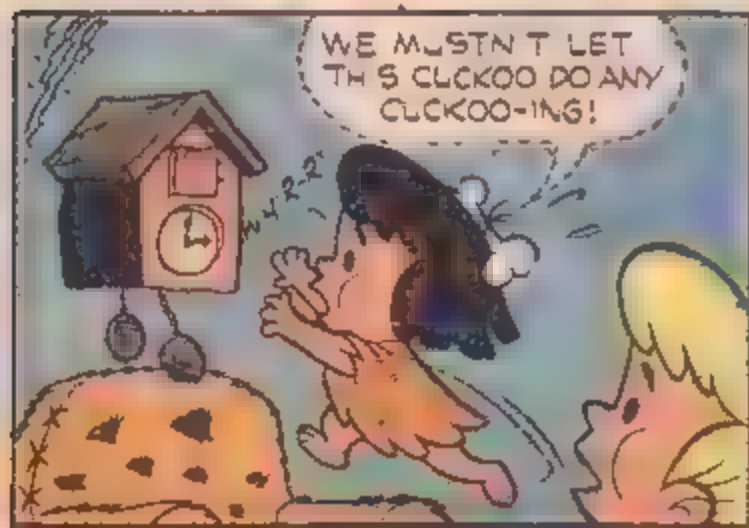


NOW LET'S BE
SUPER-QUIET
SO HE _ GET
TO SLEEP!

OH-OH, LOOK!
IT'S ALMOST
3 O'CLOCK!



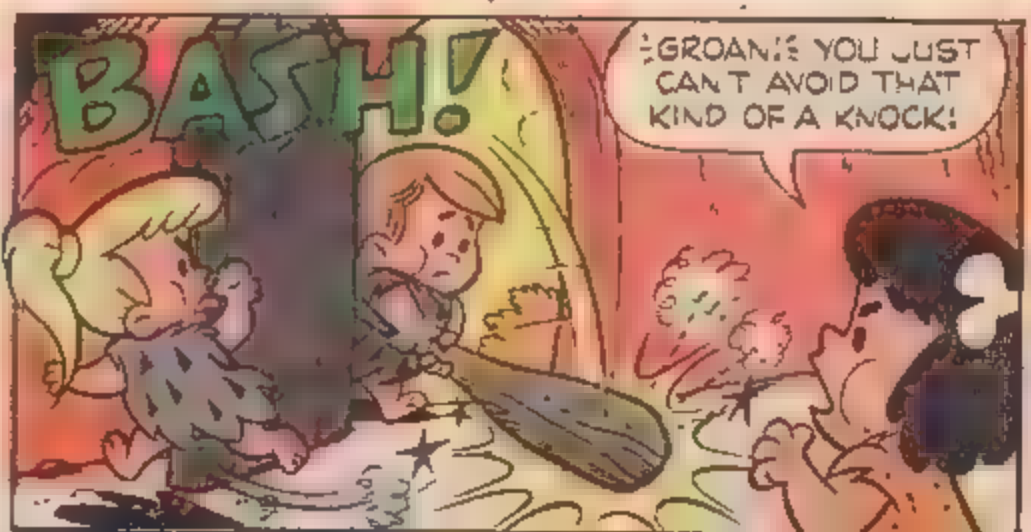
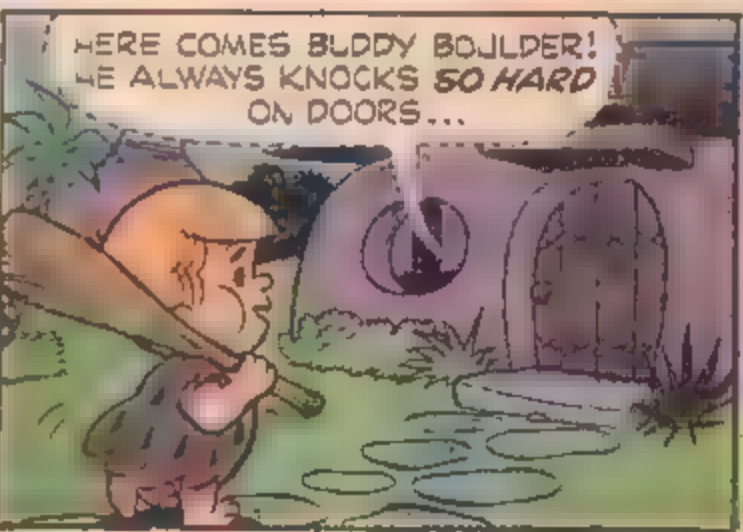
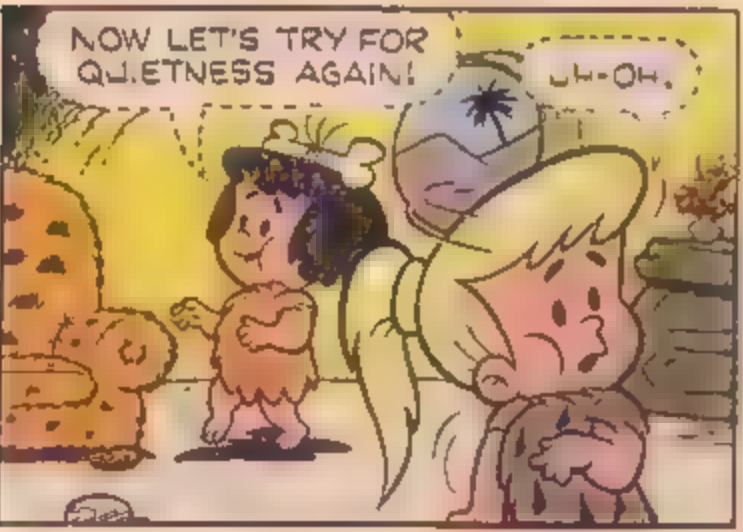
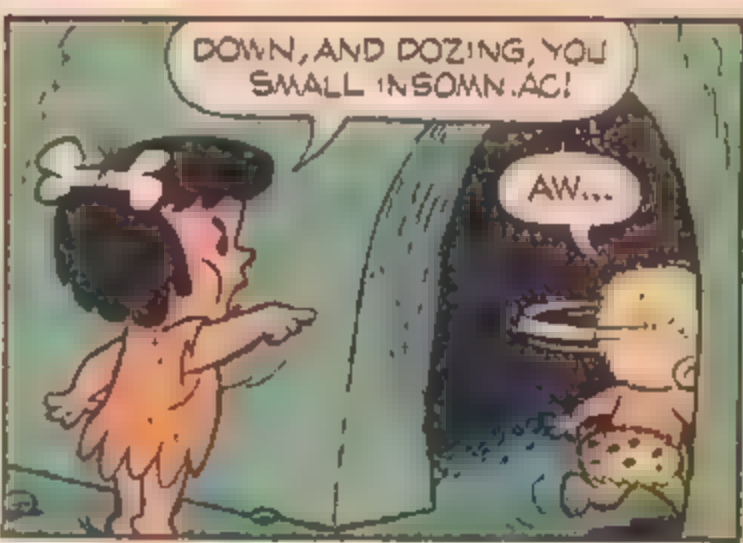
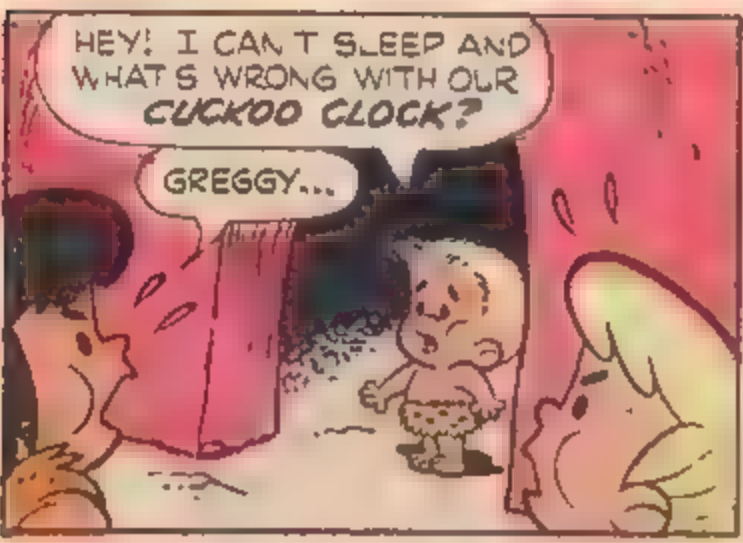
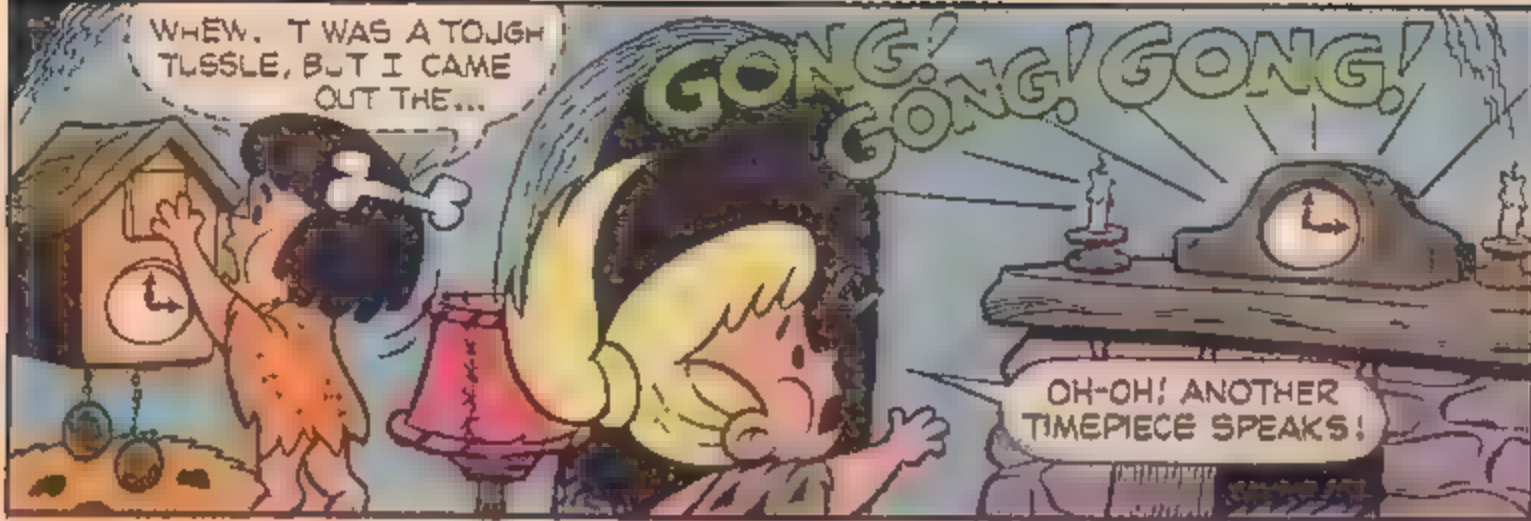
WE MUSTN'T LET
TH'S CLUCKOO DO ANY
CLUCKOO-ING!



LGH!

ATTA GRL,
SUZY... HANG
ON! LIKE A
LEOPARD'S
SPOT.





YOU BOISTEROUS BEAST... BEAT IT!

SCAT.

B-BUT WHAT DID I DO?

WHOOPS; COME BACK, BUDDY!

MAKE UP YOUR SILLY MADS.

HELP US DETOUR THAT RUMBLING ROCK TRUCK DOWN ANOTHER STREET, BUDDY!

?

WHOA, MISTER... TAKE A DETOUR... OR ELSE!

REBELLED!
CLUNK!

GLUP! OKAY, KIDS.

BUT, WHAT'S THE "OR ELSE?"

OR ELSE YOU'LL KEEP GREGGY GRAVEL AWAKE

AAK. IS THAT ALL? I THOUGHT A BIG DGE WAS OUT OR SOMETHING.

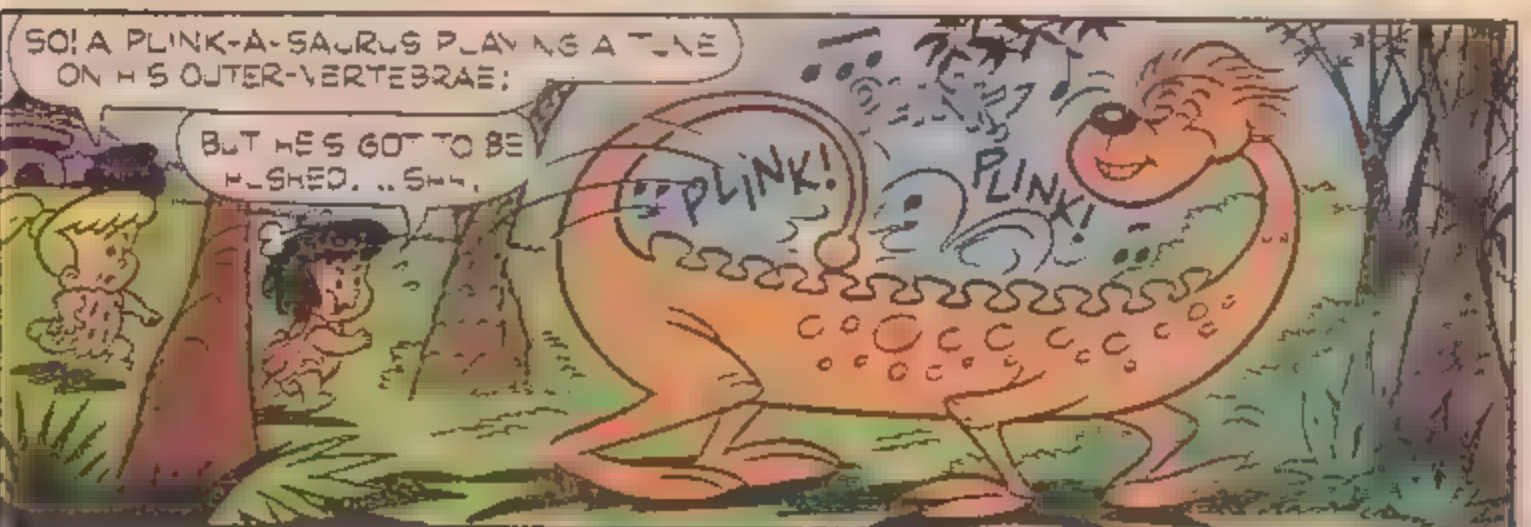
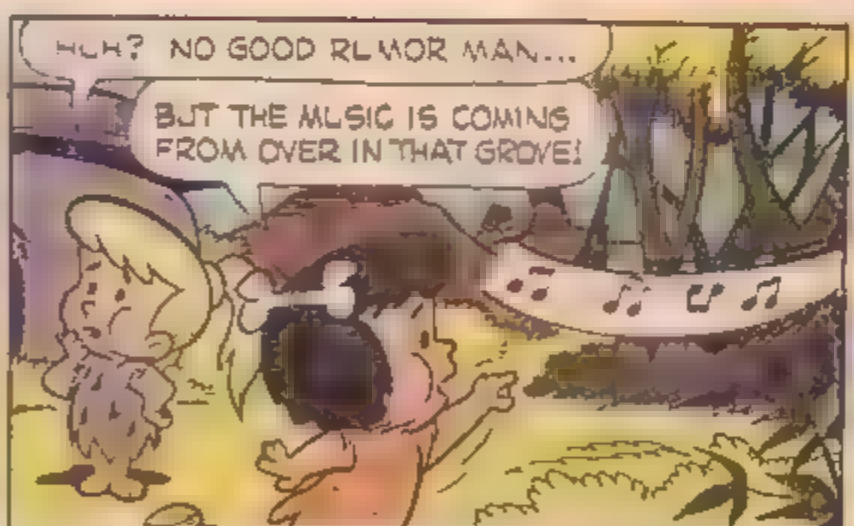
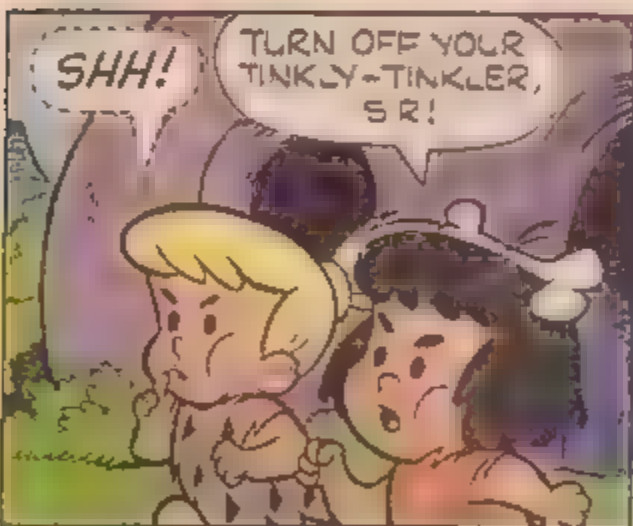
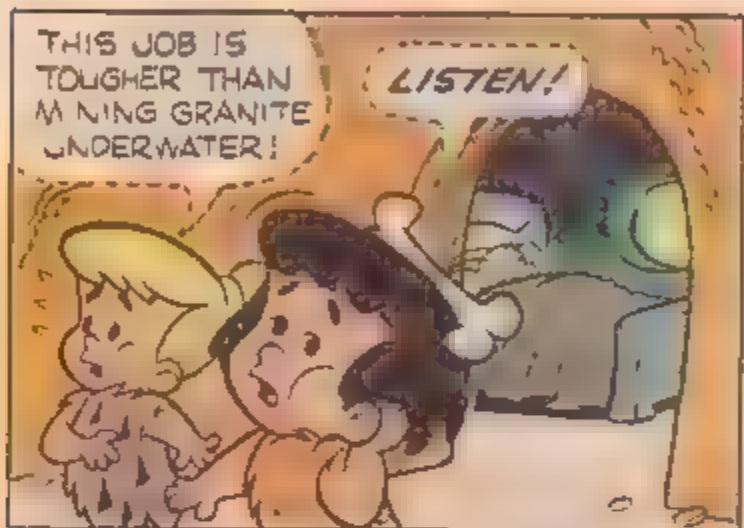
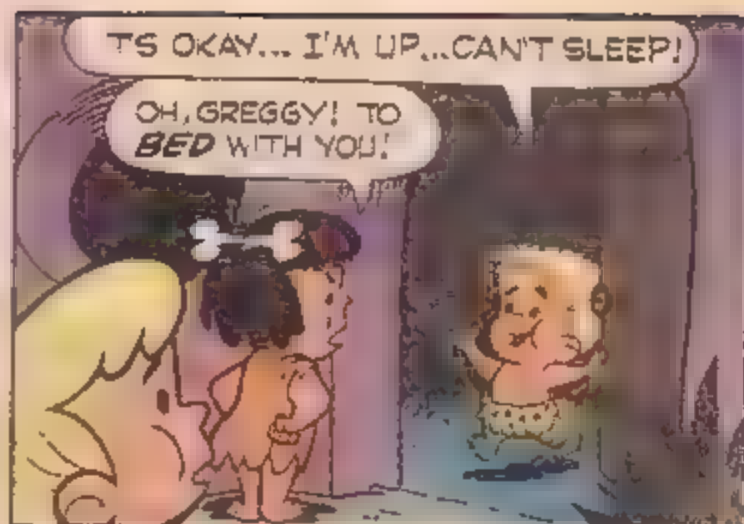
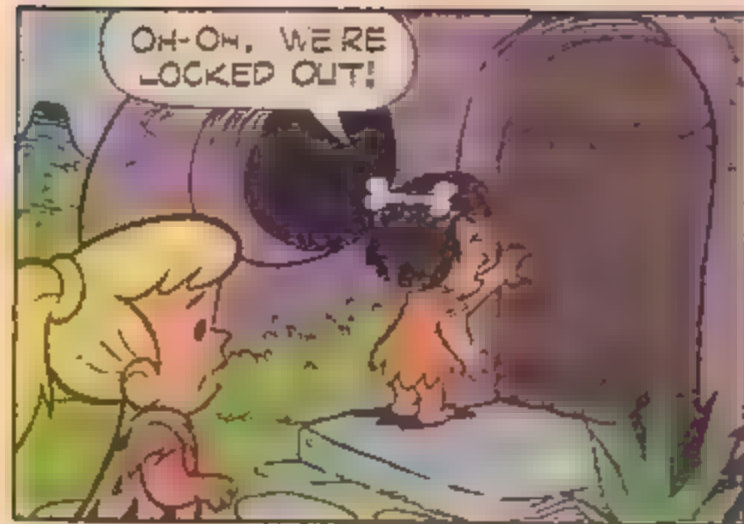
NOW, WHERE WERE WE BEFORE... OH, YES...

?

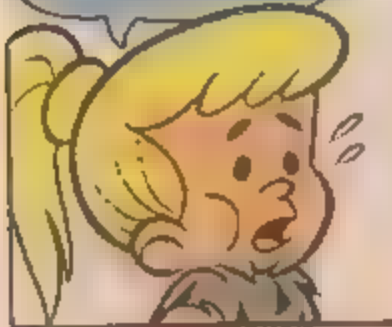
SCAT! STAY AWAY!

SKEDADDLE!

WOMEN!

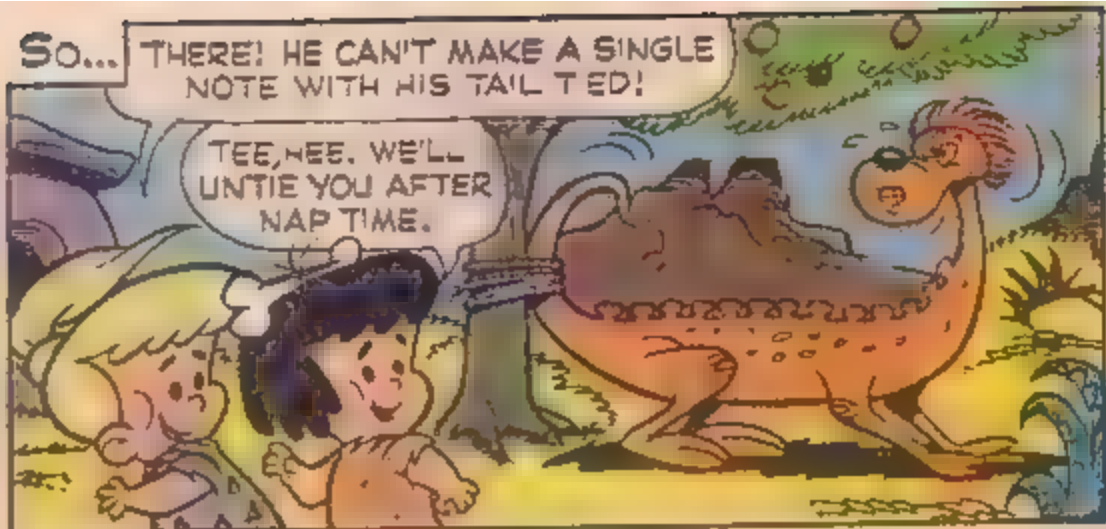


NO, NO, SUZY... YOU CAN'T WISH OR BUDGE A BEAST THAT BIG... EXCEPT WITH **ROPE!**



SO... THERE! HE CAN'T MAKE A SINGLE NOTE WITH HIS TAIL TIED!

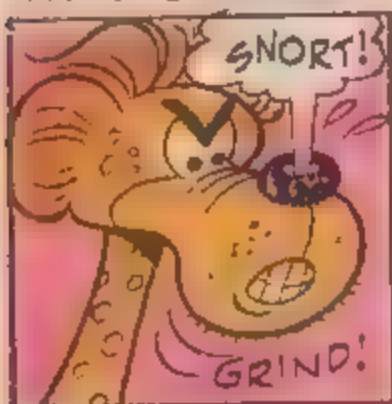
TEE, HEE. WE'LL UNTIE YOU AFTER NAP TIME.



BUT LIKE MOST MUSICAL GENIUSES, THE PLINK-A-SAURUS THROWS A FIT WHEN HIS ARTISTIC IMPULSES ARE SUPPRESSED...

SNORT!

GRIND!



GRR!!

RESULTING IN A RIP-SNORTING RAIN OF APPLES ON THE SURROUNDING COMMUNITY

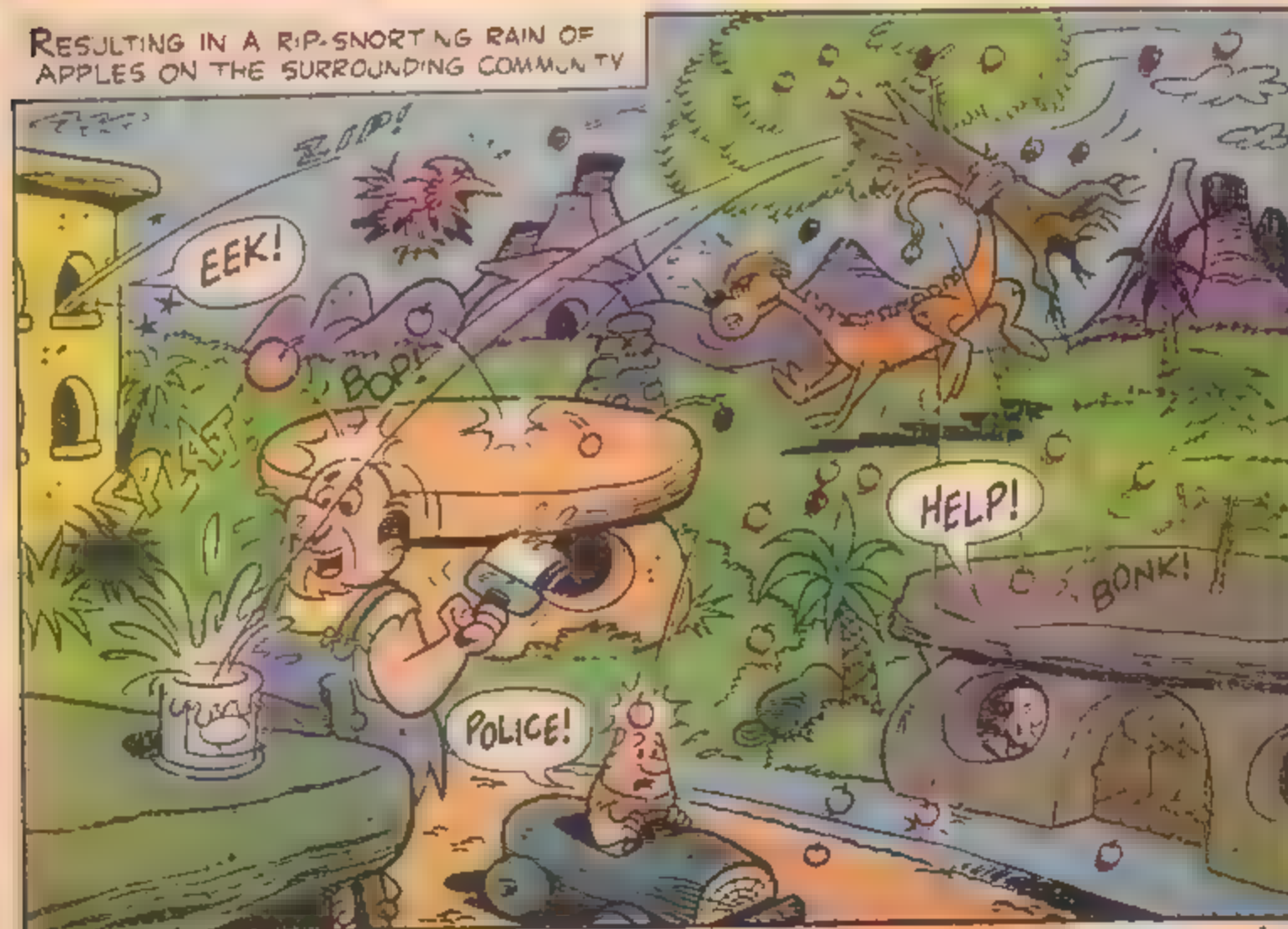
EEEK!

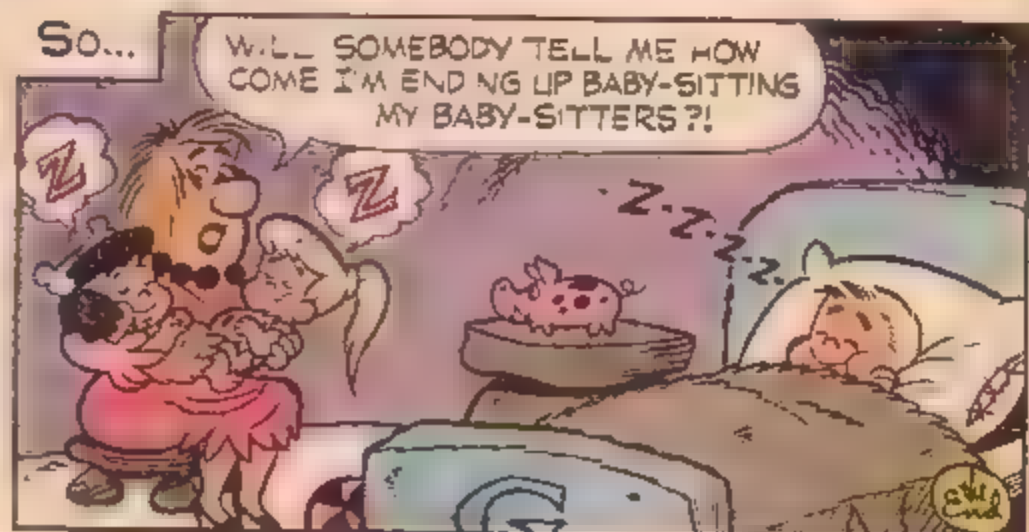
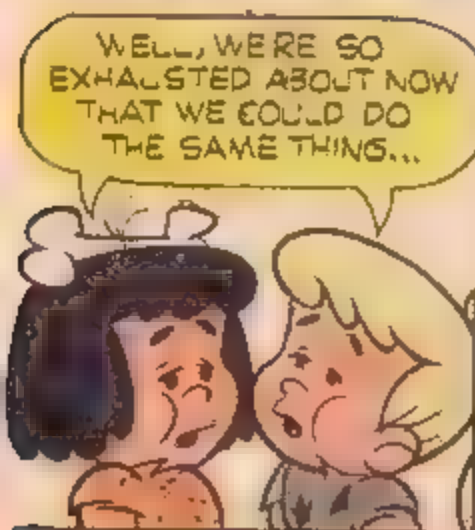
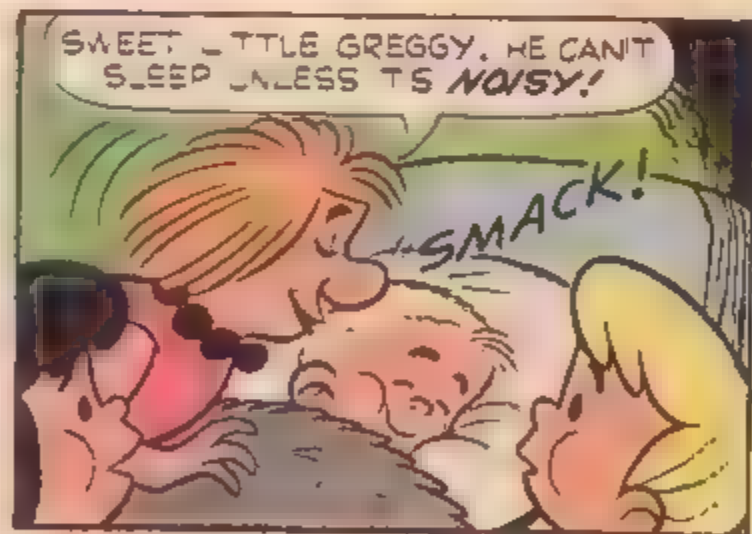
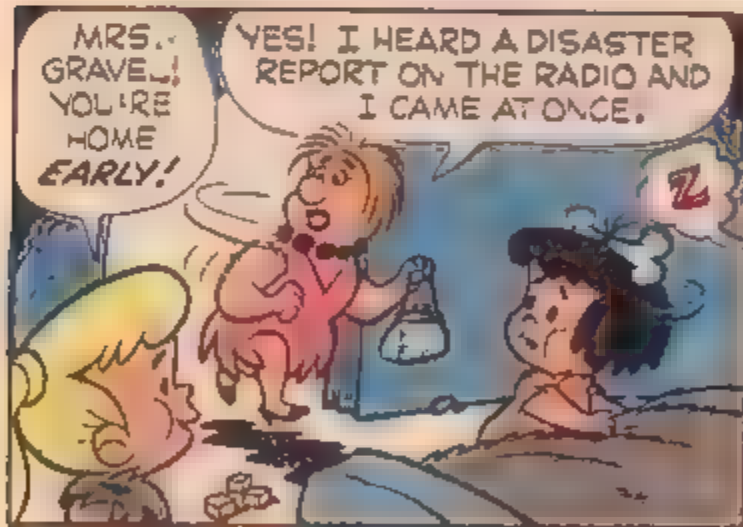
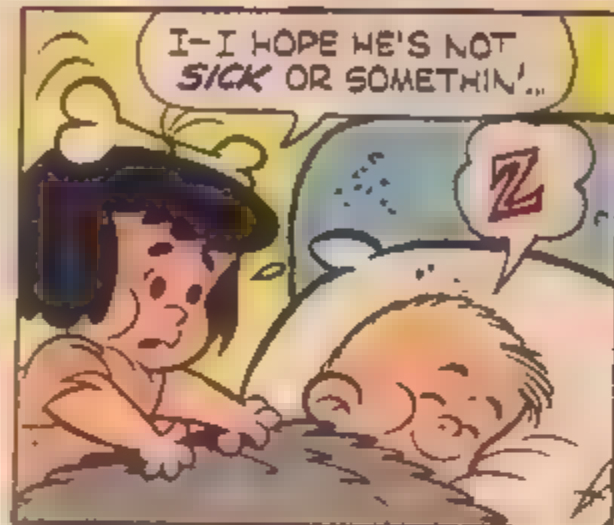
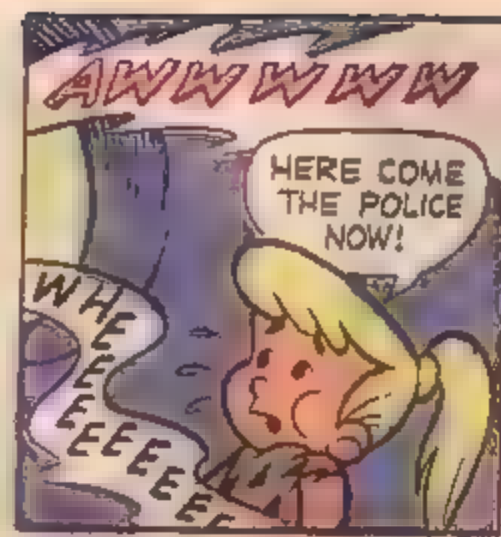
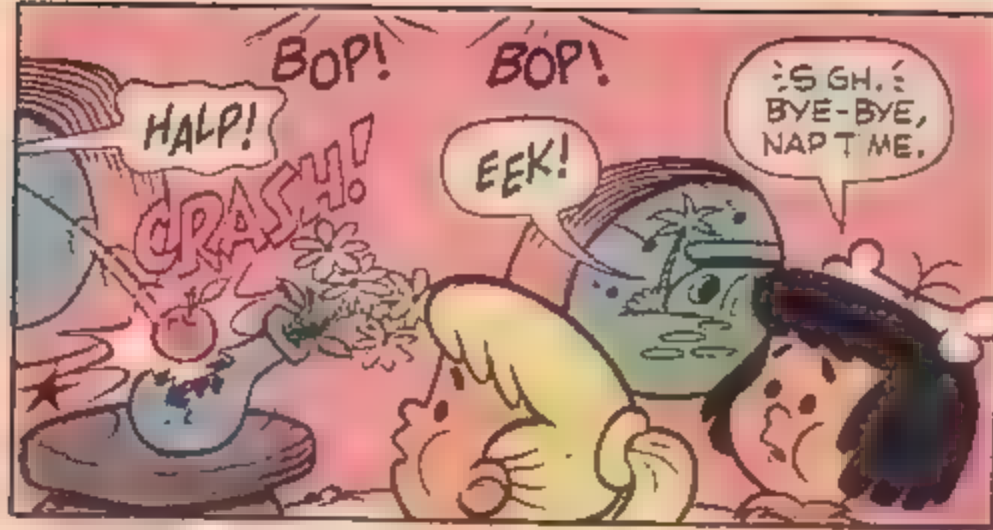
BOP!

POLICE!

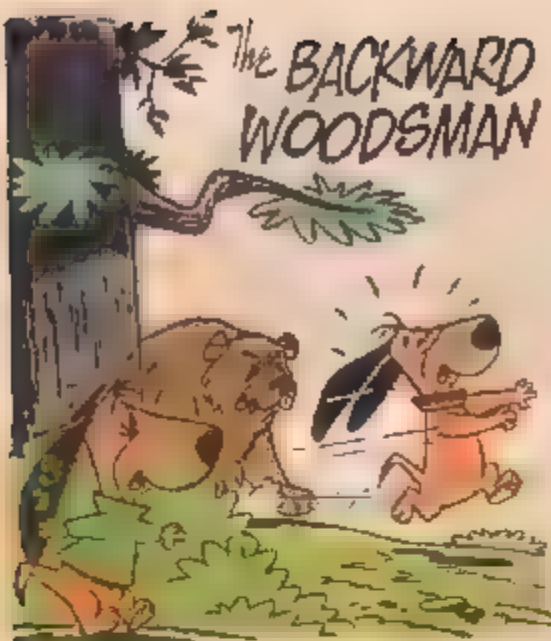
HELP!

BONK!





The BACKWARD WOODSMAN



"Guess what, dear Dad!" shouted Augie as he came home from school. "The Pup Scouts are camping out overnight next week!"

"Fine!" replied Doggie Daddy. "That should be fun. I wish I could go along!"

"But, dear Dad," said Augie, doubtfully "It's going to be real rugged, and besides aren't you, uh, kind of old?"

That was the wrong thing to say! "Me old?" Dad bristled. "Why, I'm as ragged I mean, rugged as ever and just to prove it I'll spend the night in the woods all alone with no food or anything to help!"

Well, Augie was sorry he had brought the subject up, but Doggie Daddy couldn't be talked out of it. So, that evening found them both at the edge of the woods.

If Augie's dad wished he hadn't gotten himself into this, he didn't show it. "Now don't worry, son of mine," he said. "I'll meet you here bright and early, first thing in the morning! Nighty-night!"

With that, he marched off into the woods. Augie, however, was worried. "Gosh," he thought, "I'd hate to have anything happen to dear old Dad. I better look after him, without letting him know it!"

Well, it wasn't long before Dad wished he hadn't put up such a brave front, because it was late, he was hungry, and there was nothing to eat but nuts and berries.

Luck was with him, for right ahead was a

big bush loaded with blackberries! "This outing will be a cinch," he exulted. "I'll eat my fill, find a cozy place to sleep and be chipper as a chipmunk in the morning!"

But when he grabbed what he thought was a delicious berry, it turned out to be the nose of a bear cub who let out a yow!

Where there's a bear cub, there's usually a mother bear — as Doggie Daddy found out when he heard an angry GRRROWL practically at his shoulder.

Augie's poor dad started to run, with Mama Bear after him. Augie, watching this horrified, had to think fast. He picked up a big pine cone and threw it at Mama, hitting her most tender spot — her nose. She stopped short, looking around for the source of annoyance, but seeing nothing, she went grumblingly back to her cub.

Doggie Daddy, meanwhile, was congratulating himself on being able to outrun a bear. Then a chilly wind came up and he thought he'd better build himself a fire, like the Indians did, by spinning a stick between his hands into a hole in another stick.

However, a few minutes of this only made his hands hot. He went to a stream to cool them off, which gave Augie a chance to light his dad's fire with a match.

When Dad came back, he thought he'd started the fire himself, after all. Pleased with his progress, he curled up beside the flickering flames and fell fast asleep.

All night long, poor Augie kept watch over his dear dad, replenishing the fire with fresh wood from time to time.

Morning came at last. Dad awoke, yawned and said to himself with great satisfaction, "Well, I made it through the night, snug as a bug. What's so rugged about that?"

Augie, meanwhile, hurried to the edge of the woods where they had agreed to meet. But while he waited for his dad to show up, he was so tired from his all night vigil that he fell fast asleep!

Doggie Daddy soon arrived, took one look at his snoring son and thought, "How about that! He's all tuckered out from just a little hike up here to the woods!"

"All I can say is," Augie's dad remarked as he carried his sleeping son home, "It's a good thing this son of mine has a rugged dad like me to look after him."

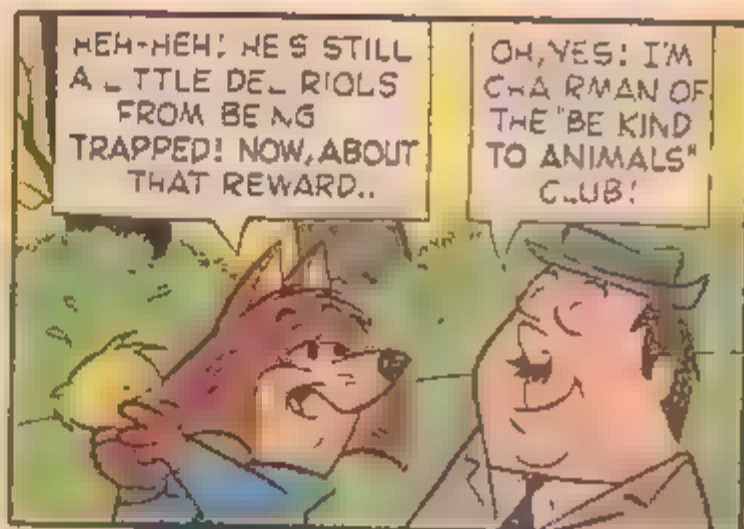
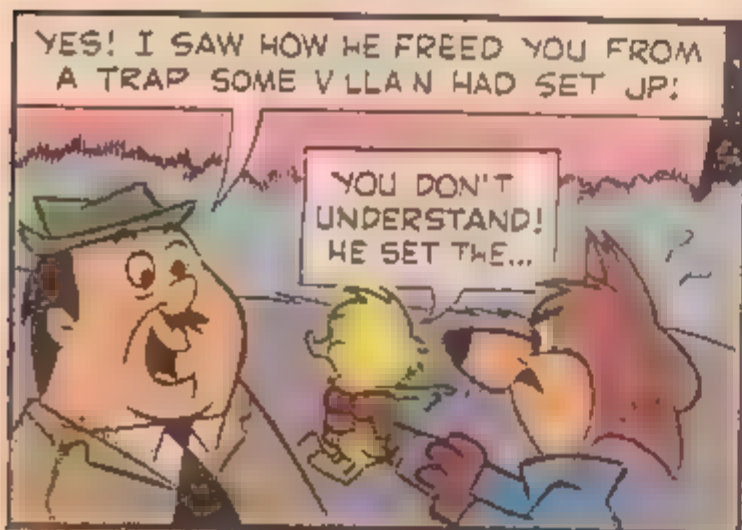
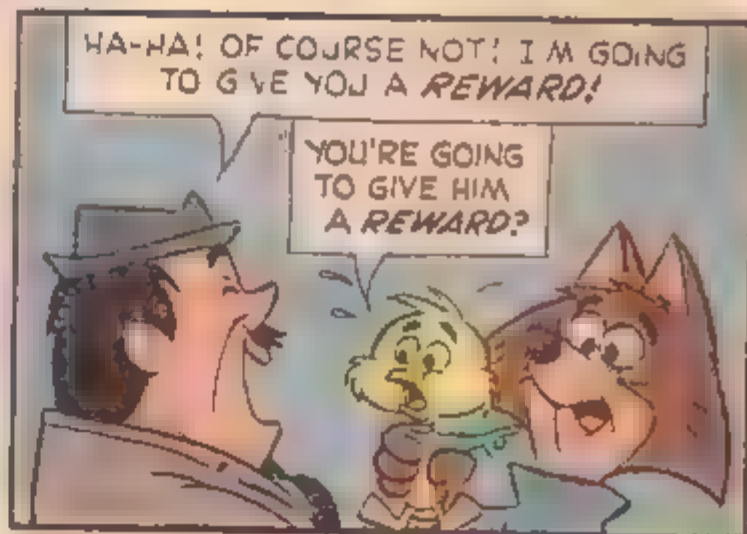
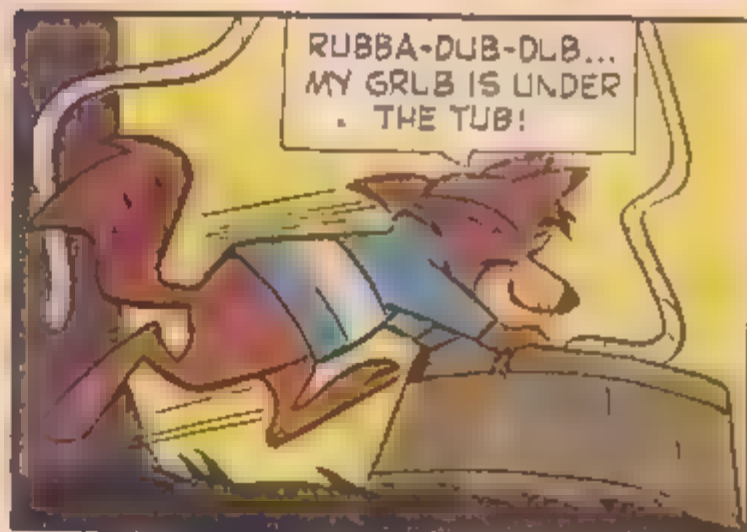
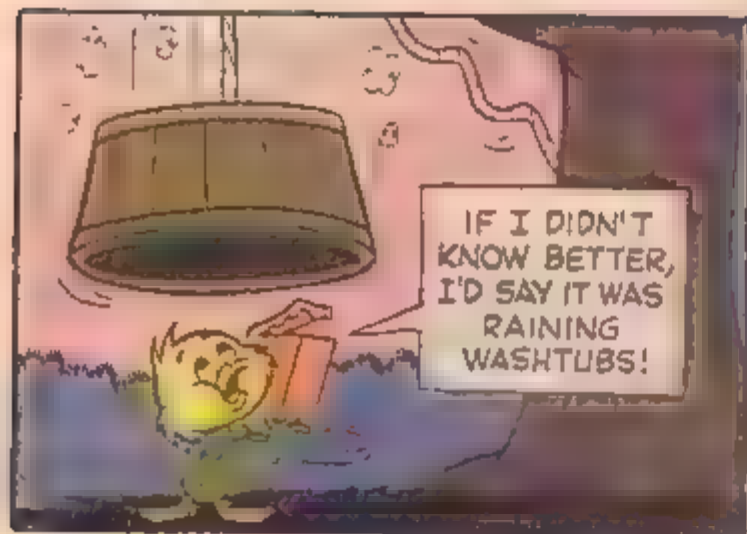
Hanna-Barbera

YAKKY DOODLE

SWITCHEROO

OH, GOODY!
SOME
B.RDSEED!

HERE'S WHERE
I CATCH A FAT
DUCKLING FOR
MY DINNER!



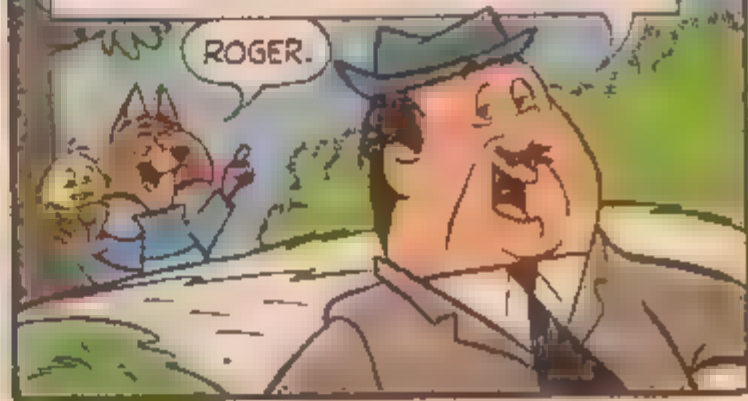
OUR CLUB HAS SET ASIDE A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO AWARD SOME ANIMAL WHO SHOWS AN ACT OF KINDNESS TO ANOTHER!

YIPPEE! SLIP ME THE MOOLA!



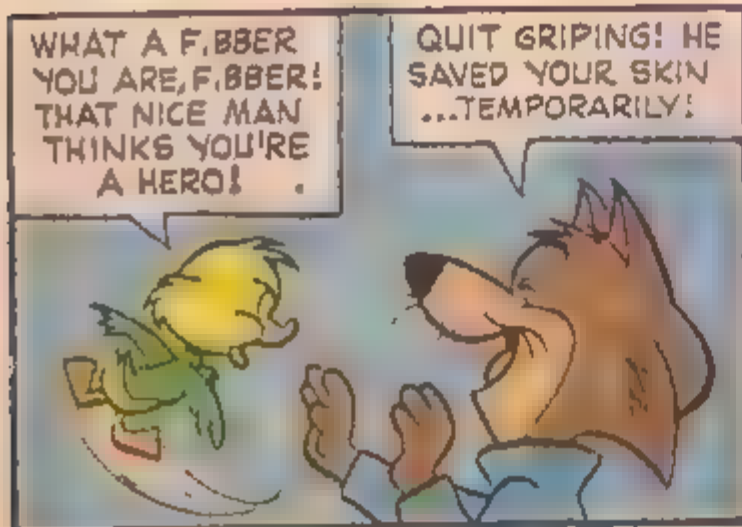
NOT NOW! COME TO OUR MEETING AT ONE THIS AFTERNOON...AND BRING THE LITTLE DUCK WITH YOU!

ROGER.



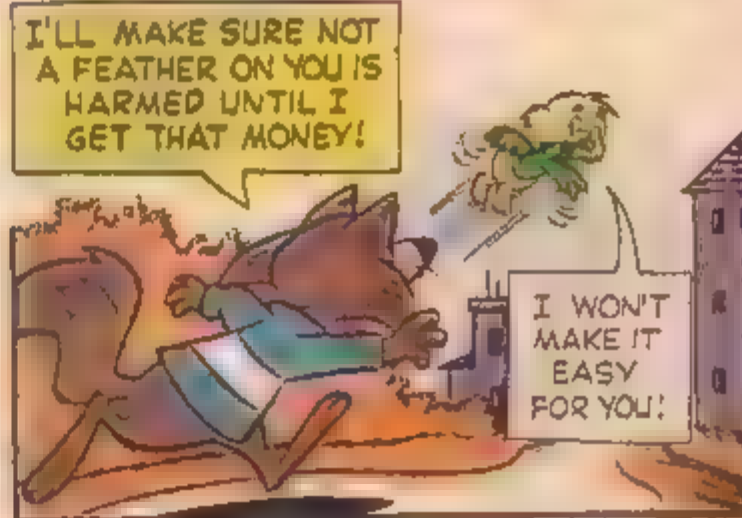
WHAT A F.BBER YOU ARE, F.BBER! THAT NICE MAN THINKS YOU'RE A HERO!

QUIT GRIPING! HE SAVED YOUR SKIN ...TEMPORARILY!



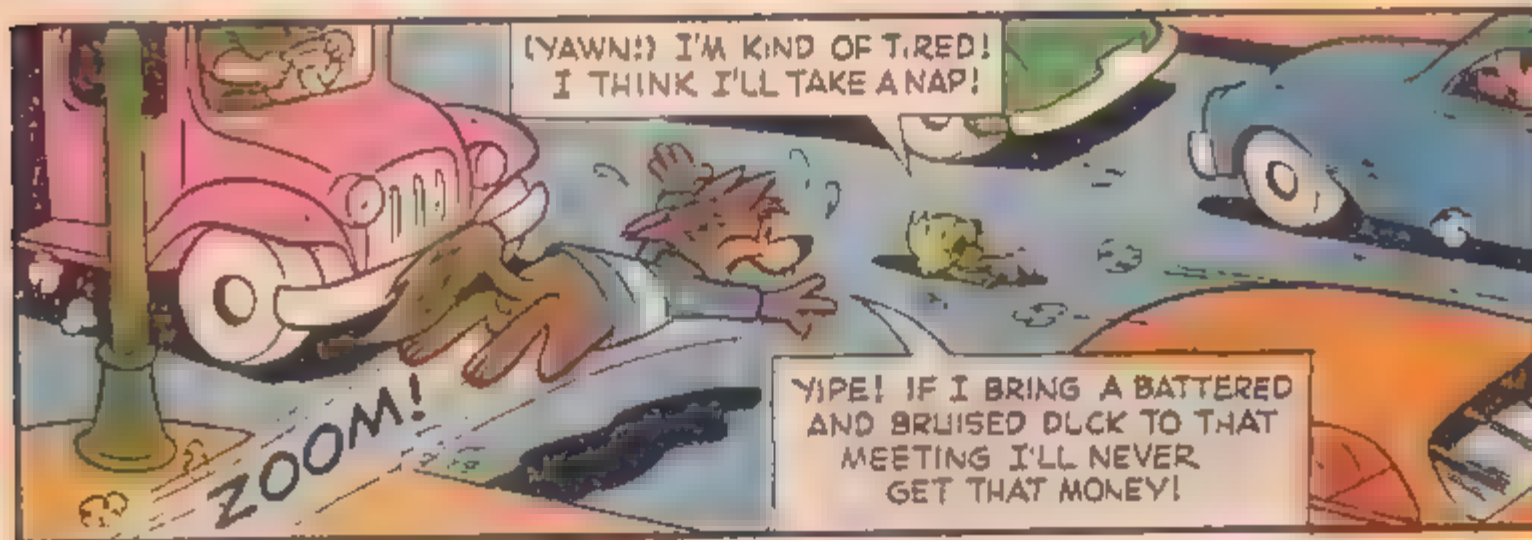
I'LL MAKE SURE NOT A FEATHER ON YOU IS HARMED UNTIL I GET THAT MONEY!

I WON'T MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU!



(YAWN!) I'M KIND OF TIRED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!

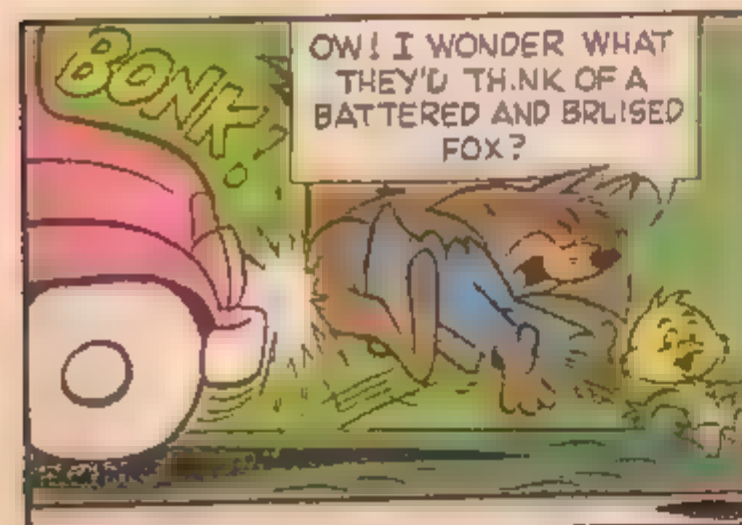
ZOOM!



YIPE! IF I BRING A BATTERED AND BRUISED DUCK TO THAT MEETING I'LL NEVER GET THAT MONEY!

BONK!

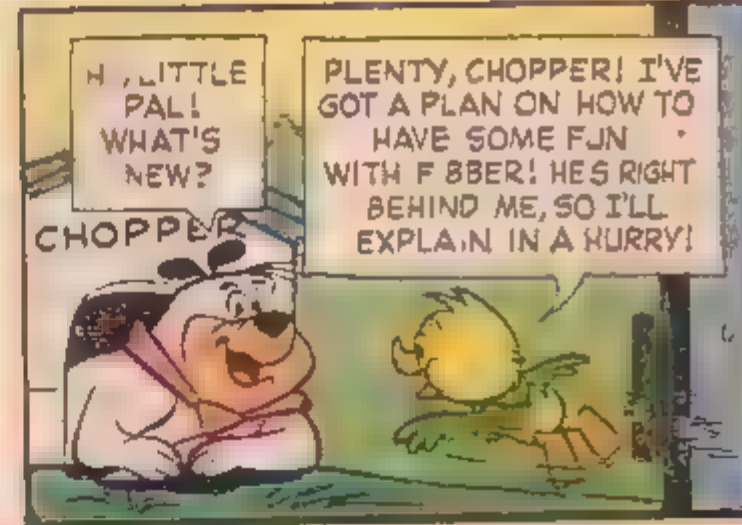
OW! I WONDER WHAT THEY'D THINK OF A BATTERED AND BRUISED FOX?



WELL, LITTLE PAL! WHAT'S NEW?

CHOPPER

PLENTY, CHOPPER! I'VE GOT A PLAN ON HOW TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH F.BBER! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, SO I'LL EXPLAIN IN A HURRY!



SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

OKAY, YAKKY! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME!

CHOPPER

YIPE! NOW WHAT?

YOU SAVED ME, FIBBER! CHOPPER'S MAD AT ME FOR THE FIRST TIME!

HE PICKED A CRUMMY DAY FOR IT!

COME BACK WITH THAT BIRD! I WANT TO BOP HIM!

LOOK! YOU CAN BOP HIM ALL YOU WANT AFTER I GET MY MONEY!

BONK!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D BE PROTECTING YAKKY FROM CHOPPER!

TEE-HEE! MY JOKE TO HAVE CHOPPER PRETEND HE'S MAD AT ME IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY!

GOT YOU! NOW TO BOP THAT BIRD!

NO! I'D RATHER GET HIT MYSELF.

IF YOU INSIST.

BONK!

FOR A LITTLE FOX, I'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH!

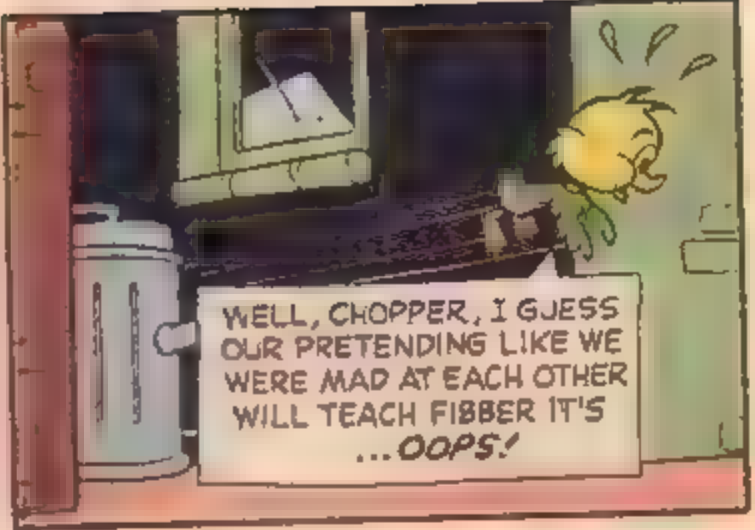
OH, DEAR! THE BIG BAD BULLDOG WILL GET ME!

HEH-HEH! IT'S KIND OF FUN TO BE ON THE ATTACKING TEAM INSTEAD OF THE DEFENDING TEAM FOR A CHANGE... EVEN IF IT IS JUST PLAY-ACTING!

OWWW!

HE'S OUT
COLD!

OH, DEAR! I GUESS
BIG STRONG CHOPPER
GOT CARRIED AWAY!



I BOO WOODED! BUT
HOW DID YOU KNOCK
OUT CHOPPER?

I DIDN'T! THAT
**BANANA
PEEL** HE
SLIPPED ON
DID IT FOR ME!

I'LL FIX YOU LATER FOR YOUR
LITTLE STUNT! RIGHT NOW, IT'S
TIME TO GET TO THAT MEETING!

SOON...

HERE'S THE KINDLY
FOX, I TOLD YOU
ABOUT, FELLOW
MEMBERS!

CLAP!
CLAP!

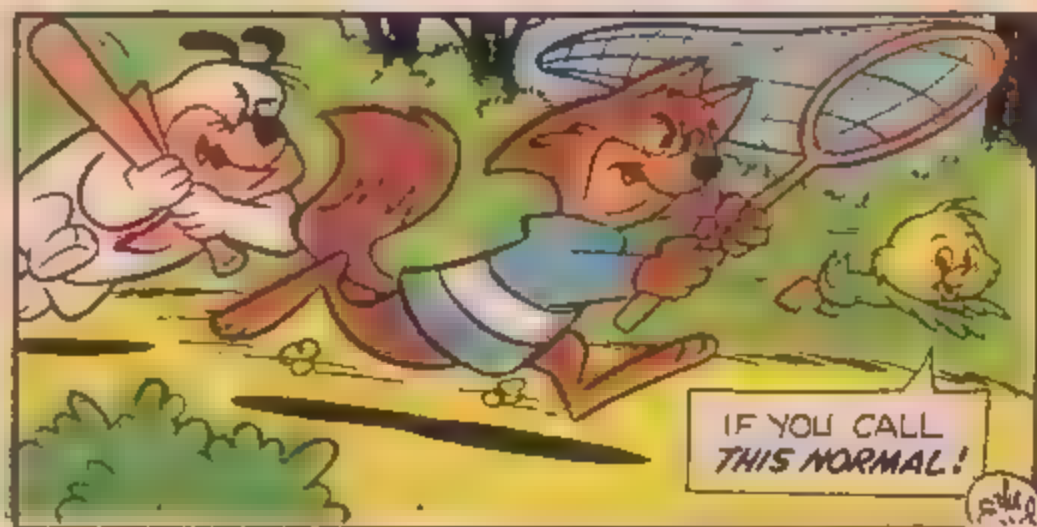
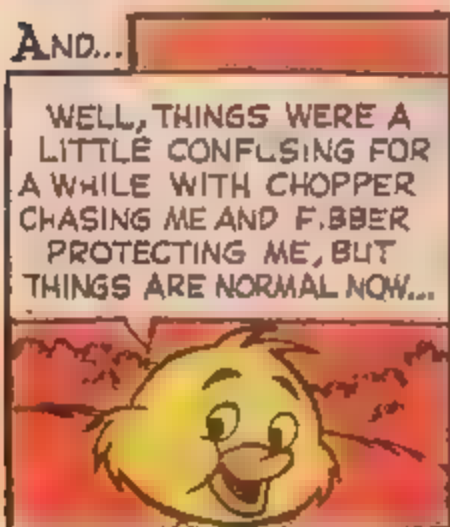
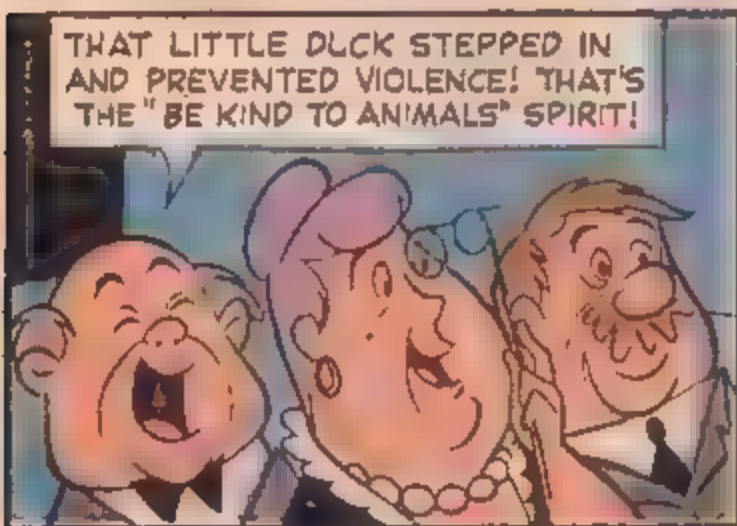
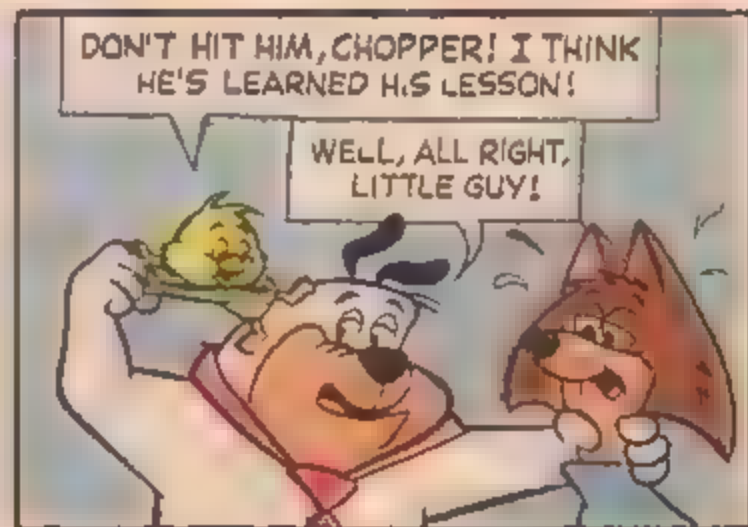
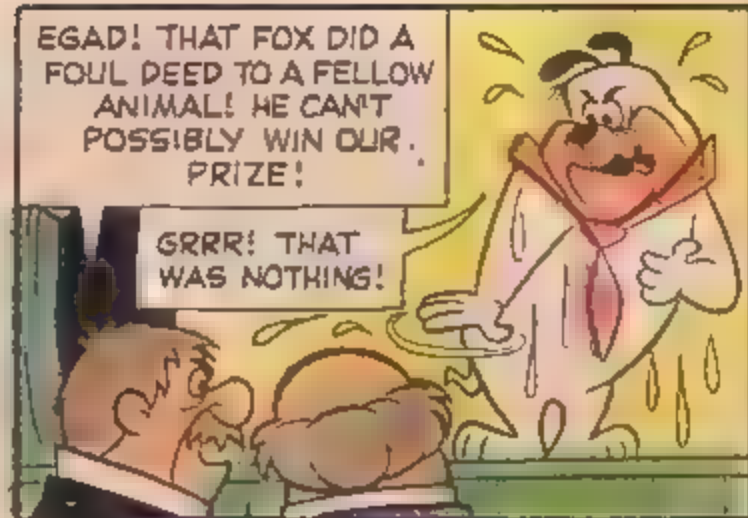
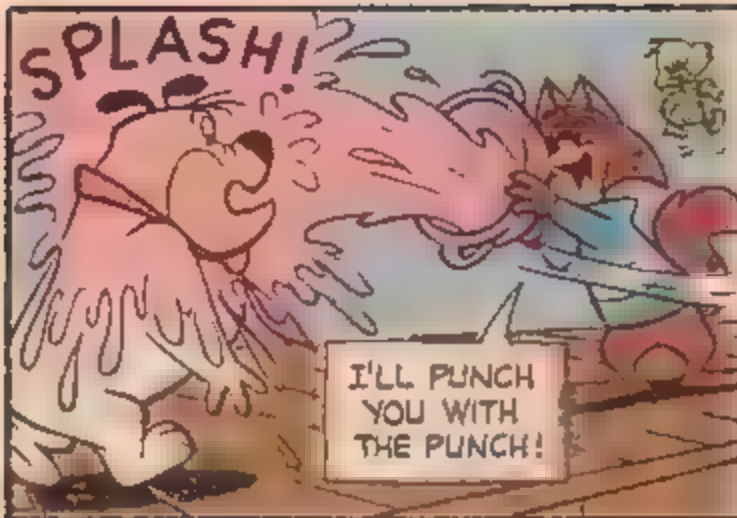
ONE PEEP OUT OF
YOU AND YOU'LL BE
PRESSED DUCK!

WHAT A BONEHEAD I WAS TO LET
FIBBER GET AWAY! BUT I THINK
THIS IS WHERE THAT MEETING YAKKY
TOLD ME ABOUT WAS GOING
TO BE HELD!

BE KIND TO
ANIMALS
CLUB

THERE
YOU ARE!

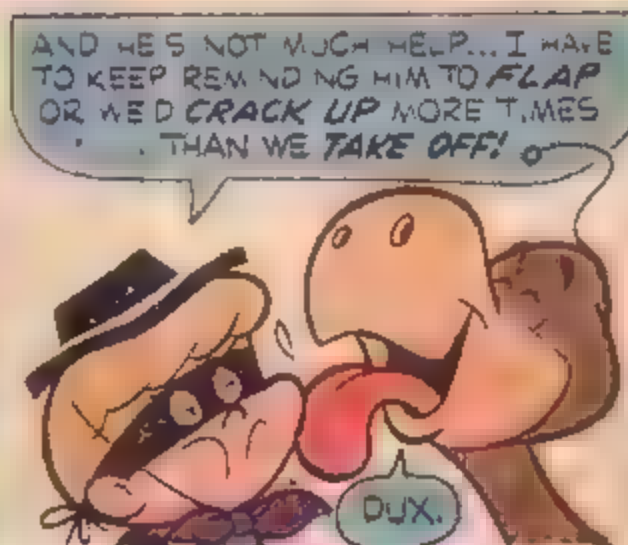
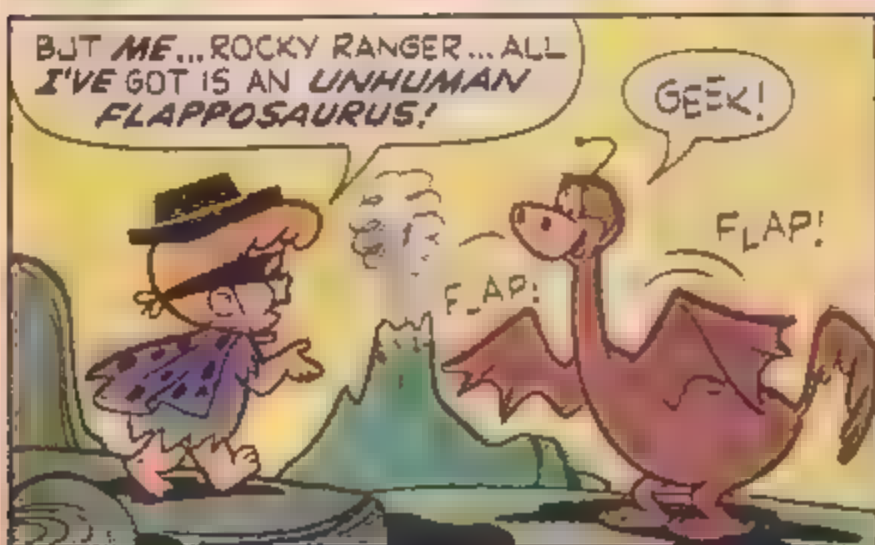
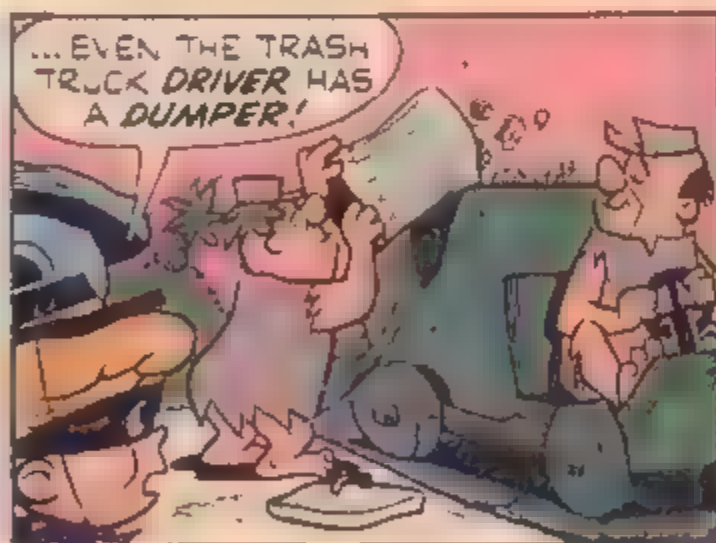
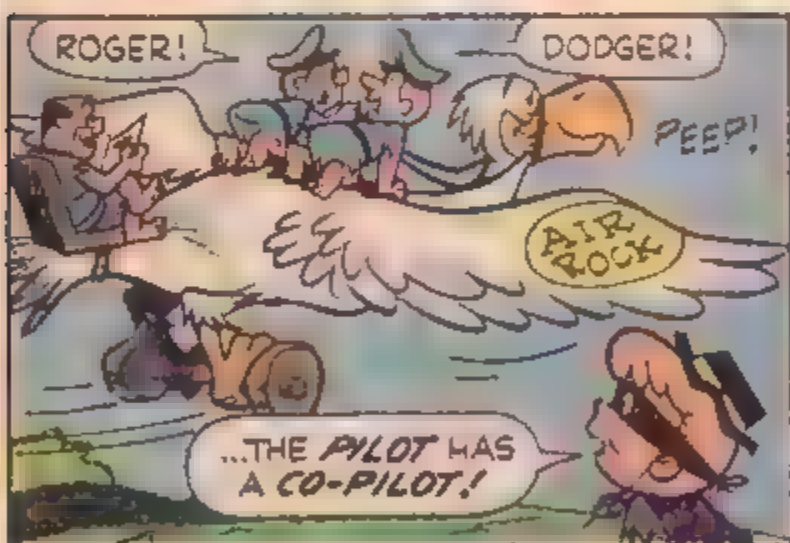
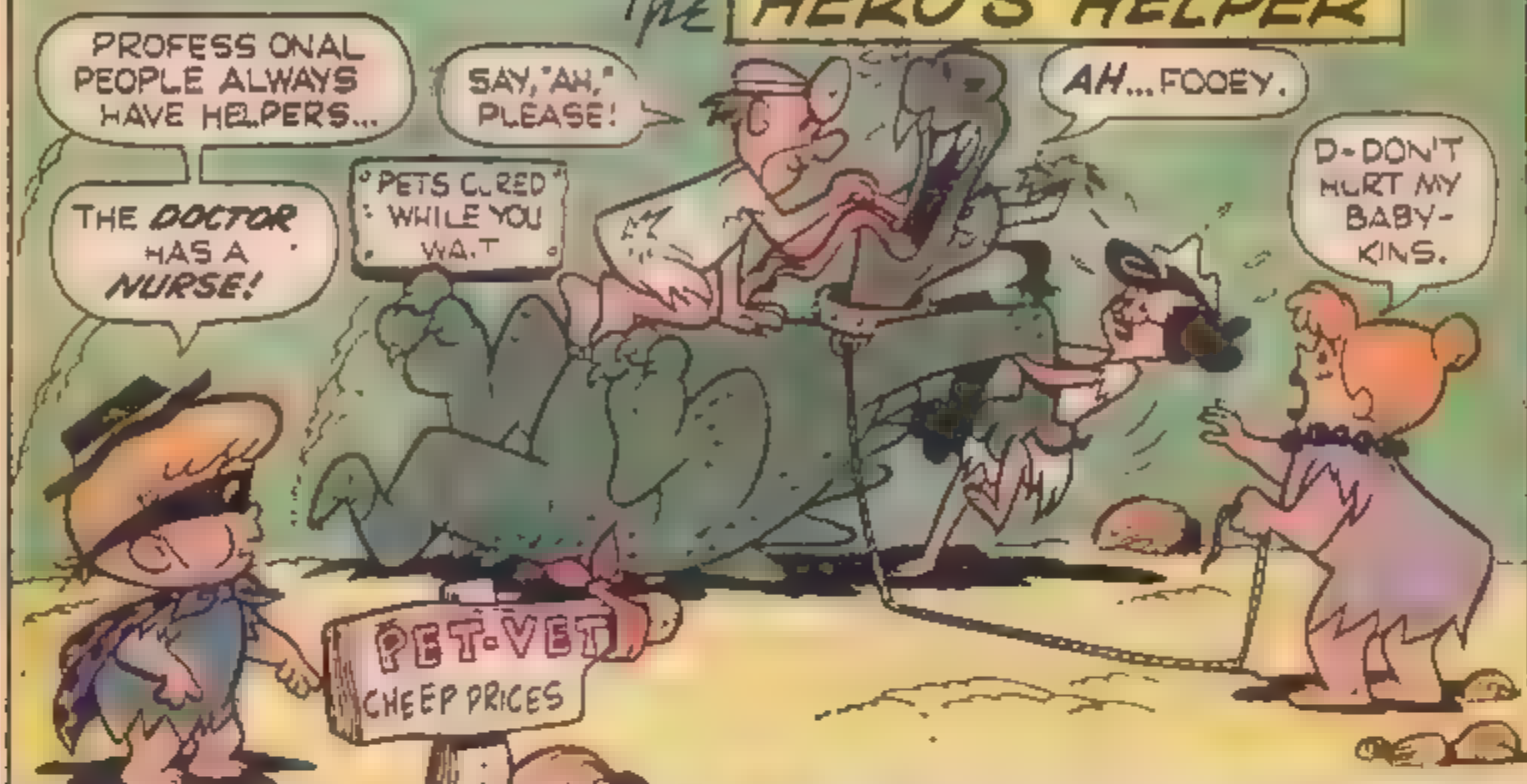
YIPE! CHOPPER!



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

The HERO'S HELPER



HELP...OH, HELP!

WELL,
HERE
I GO
AGAIN...

...THE LONE HERO.
FLAP, FLAP, FLAP!

GEEEEE!

WOW! SOMEBODY IS
SURE GOING TO TOWN
ON THE PIANO!

PUNZ!

HELP...OH, HELP!

HUH? WHAT
KINDA PARTY
IS THIS?

...IT'S
NO P-PARTY,
ROCKY...

TAKING CARE OF LITTLE BAMB-BAMB IS A
PANIC! MAKE HIM STOP BAMBING THE PIANO!

HEY! HEY!
STOP IT,
BAMB-BAMB!

BAMB-BAMB
BAMB!

SEE? ALL IT TOOK WAS
A FIRM FINGER-SHAKE
TO MAKE HIM...

OW!
OW!
OW!

WELL, AT LEAST THIS
IS A CHANGE OF TUNES
FROM THE PIANO!

BAMB-
BAMB!

BAMB-
BAMB!

BAMM-
BAMM!

WHEW. FOR A TODDLER,
HE PACKS A LOT OF POWER!



YES, IT'S TOO BAD ALL HIS ENERGY CAN'T BE
CHANNELLED INTO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE.

TWEET.
TWEET.



WOWIE. WHAT A
SUPER IDEA, SLUZY!



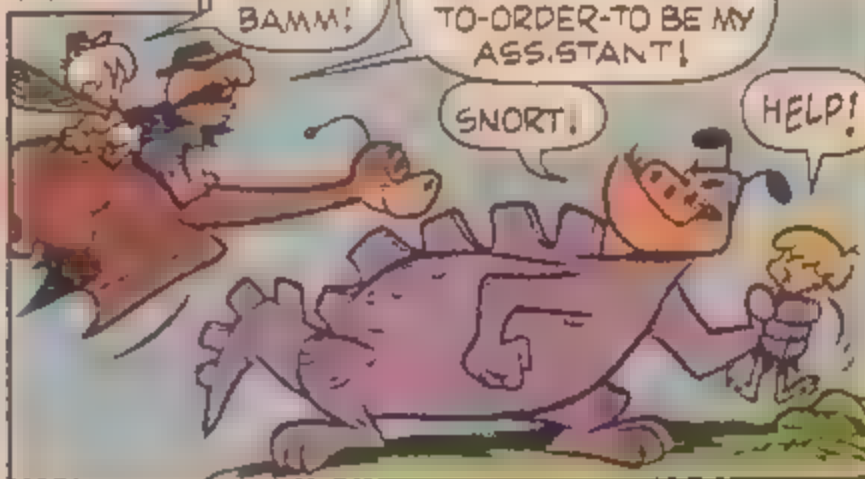
AND SO...

BAMM-
BAMM!

THIS KID'S MADE-
TO-ORDER-TO BE MY
ASSISTANT!

SNORT!

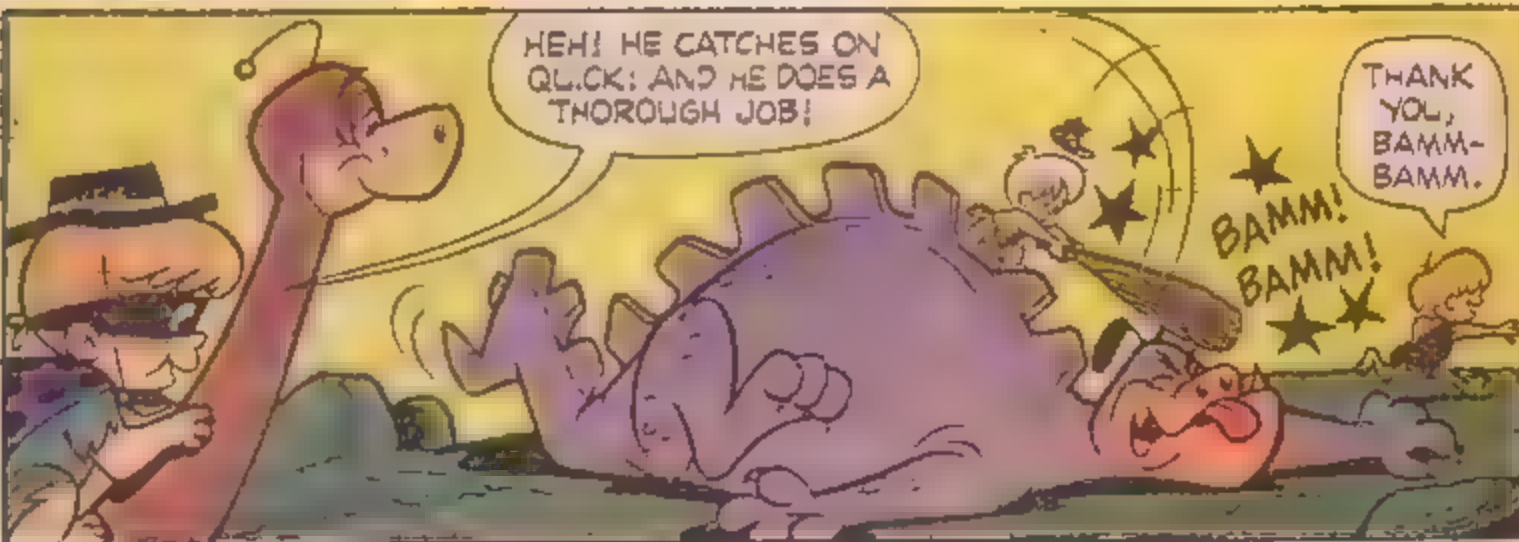
HELP!



HEH! HE CATCHES ON
QUICK! AND HE DOES A
THOROUGH JOB!

THANK
YOU,
BAMM-
BAMM.

BAMM!
BAMM!



BAMM-BAMM EVEN
PROVES USEFUL IN
NATURAL DISASTERS...

HE SURE *REVERSES*
AN AVALANCHE IN
SHORT ORDER.

EG.1.



HEH! I'VE GOT
IT MADE.



THEN, ONE DAY
DURING
NAP TIME...

IT'S GETTING SO BAMM-BAMM
DOES *EVERYTHING* FOR ME!
IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO GO FOR
A WALK *ALONE*!

I'D BETTER TAKE MY CLUB
ALONG, JUST IN CASE...

UNK!

BOOOOPH! I... I CAN
HARDLY LIFT IT!

I'VE BECOME *WEAK*
FROM INACTIVITY! IT
DOESN'T PAY TO
HAVE A HELPER!

WAKE UP, BAMM-
BAMM! YOU'RE
FIRED!

BAMM-
BAMM.

OW! I CAN SEE IT'S NOT
GOING TO BE EASY TO GET
R.D. OF H.M.!

HMM... I'LL
USE *CHILD*
PSYCHOLOGY
ON H.M...

...THAT'S IT!
I'LL *SPOIL* HIM
WITH BOY-TYPE
TOYS!

TOYS

...AND HE'LL SOON
FORGET ABOUT
SERVING *ME*!

BUT...

BASEBALLS AND
BATS ARE LIKE
NOTHING IN HIS
HANDS!

CRACK!

HE DOESN'T GET THE IDEA
OF HOW TO PLAY WITH A
TRAIN AT ALL.

BAMM-
BAMM!

BUT AMAZINGLY ENOUGH,
HE IS FASCINATED WITH
THE **BUILDING SET**,
OF ALL THINGS!

HELP! ...HELP!

YAY! HE'S FORGOTTEN
ALL ABOUT BEING MY
HELPER!

LET'S GO.
HI-HO,
FLAPPY!

BOY, WHAT A JOY
TO BE A LONER
AGAIN.

DUX!

FLAP!

FLAP!

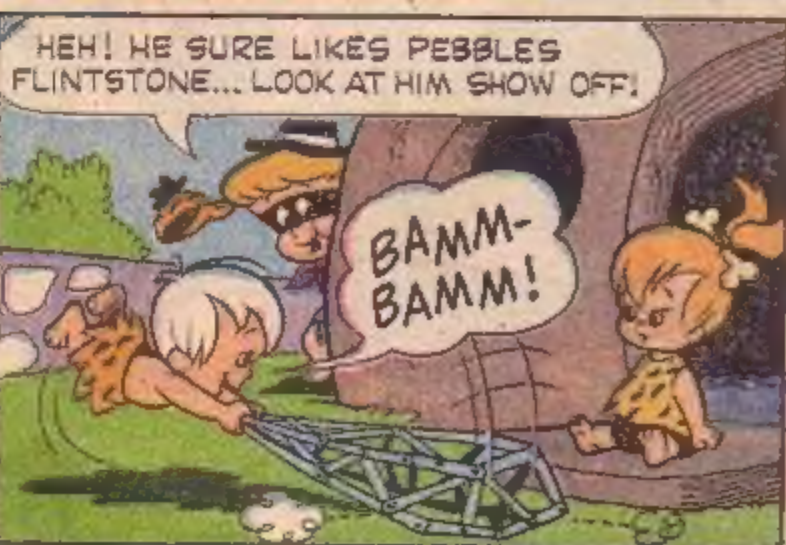
BAMM-
BAMM!

OH, NO! I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU GOT ON.

AND HE'S BUILT HIMSELF A
BIGGER CLUB WITH THE
BUILDING SET!

BRDY!

HELP!



UGH! WHAT A JOB GETTING
THESE ROCKS LOOSE...

HMM...BRAINS ALWAYS
TRIUMPHS OVER BRAWN
IN THE LONG RUN...

OVER HERE, BAMM-BAMM... I'VE
GOT AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE
EVERYBODY HAPPY!

AND
SO...

YAY! IT
WORKED!

I'M A **LONE**
OPERATOR
AGAIN, AND
GLAD OF IT!

**BAMM-
BAMM!**

AND BAMM-BAMM IS MAKING A HIT WITH PEBBLES BY
HELPING HER DADDY CLEAR HIS YARD OF ROCKS!

HI-HO,
FLAPPOSaurus!
AWAY!

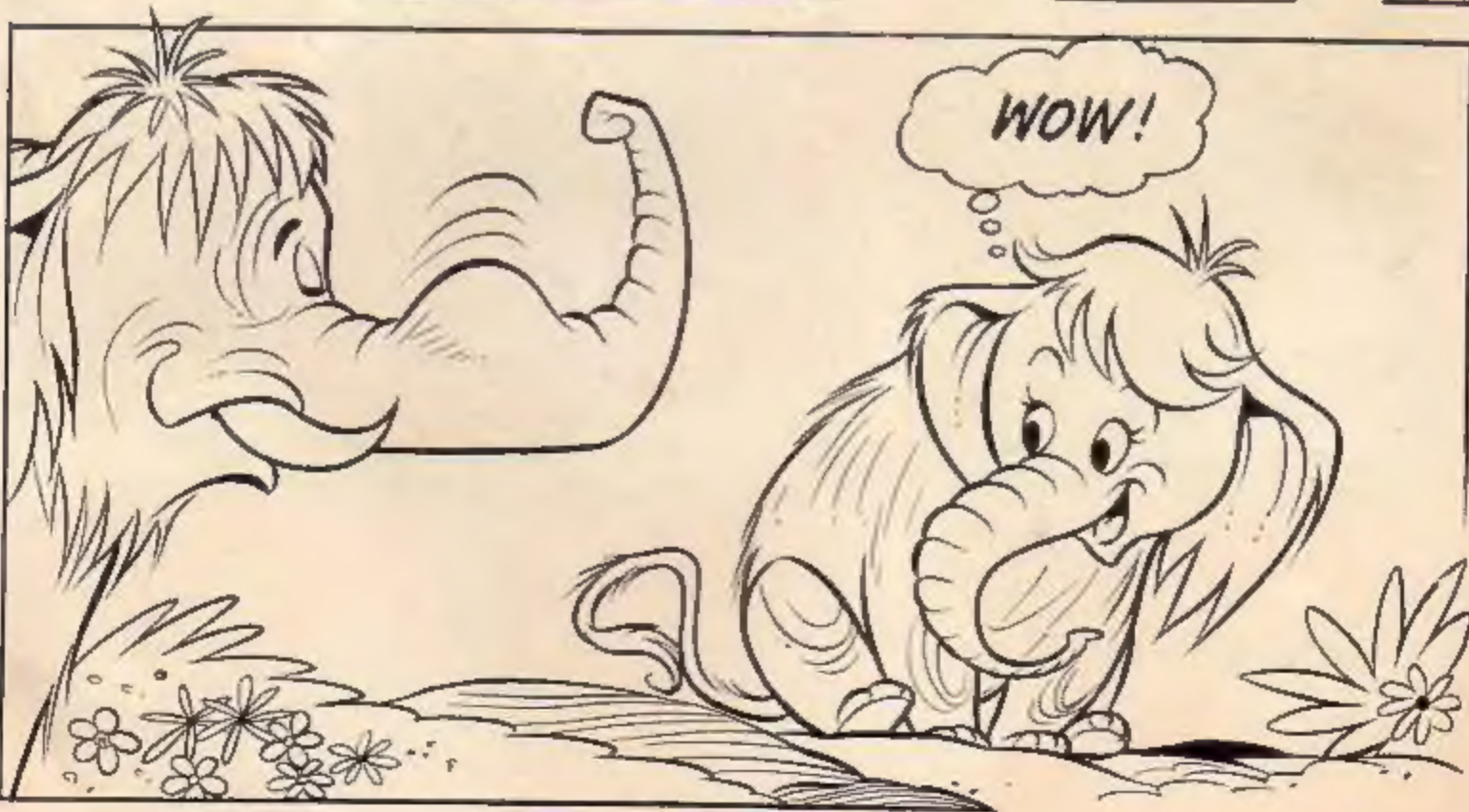
HEY! POUNDIN' 'EM
UNDERGROUND
SURE BEATS DIGGIN'
'EM UP!

YABBA-
DABBA,
BAMM-
BAMM!

**BAMM-
BAMM!**

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS





CAVE KIDS PIN-UP